

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE





Undergood & Undergood

Sh = h = !

They say there is
no Santa Claus=
But here I am!

EVERY YEAR I try to help you with your Christmas shopping.

Perhaps last year you were one who sent me delivering THE SIGN as a special Christmas gift to some of your friends. I know that it made a very acceptable gift wherever I went with it.

Why don't you let me help you this year?

THERE IS A FORM INSERTED in this issue of THE SIGN for your convenience. It tells you the whole story of the Christmas Gift idea.

Send it in AS SOON AS YOU CAN because I'll be starting out early and you don't want to be left behind.

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THE SIGN = = = = Union City, N. J.

REV. THEOPHANE MAGUIRE, C.P.
Editor

REV. ADRIAN LYNCH, C.P.
Associate Editor

REV. RALPH GORMAN, C.P.
Associate Editor

REV. LUCIAN DUCIE, C.P.
Business Manager

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PERSONAL MENTION



Edward A. Doehler

• IN THIS THE 150th anniversary year of the drafting of the Constitution of the United States, Dr. EDWARD A. DOEHLER, Professor of History at Loyola College, Baltimore, Md., calls our attention to two new documents which are to direct the destinies of two nations: The Soviet Constitution and the Constitution of Eire. *Three Constitutions* is a

comparative study of the guarantees of liberty under the three charters.

Born in New York City, Dr. Doehler was educated at Loyola College, Baltimore, and Georgetown University, Washington, D. C. From Georgetown he received his Doctorate of Philosophy in History. For six years the author has been Professor of European and American History at Loyola College. In recent months he has been actively engaged in and around Baltimore as a lecturer on Communism, the Spanish situation and Christian Social Justice.

• THE WAGES AND HOURS BILL will be much discussed in the present session of Congress. Efforts to regulate working time and to increase the income of the underpaid are praiseworthy. But because of his experience in the NRA days an authority, whom for the present we shall call HENRY M. WRIGHT, believes that the proposed Bill is simply *An Economic Gold Brick*. The subject is of immediate interest to the whole country. Employers and employees will be directly affected by any legislation passed. The present article may open the matter to further discussion from our readers.

• MR. J. K. LYONS gives us a bit of fiction and calls it *At the End of the Road*. But one might read into this Christmas tale parts of the life history of more than one successful exile who returned to his native land—too late. The author does know the stuff of which his

characters are made. Educated by the Irish Christian Brothers in Dublin, he recalls the fact that the foundation-stone of these schools was laid by Daniel O'Connell, the Emancipator. Though he works as a clerk in a rail-shipping office he has devoted a good part of his time to writing. His stories of Ireland have appeared before in the pages of this magazine.



J. K. Lyons

• LIKE ITS TITLE the article, *Rebellion in Stone*, is a strong one. It is the history of a protest against economic difficulties. There is nothing of defeatism, however, in this history of a courageous Pittsburgh pastor and his determined parishioners. Indeed there is so much of inspiration and constructive action in the story that we believe it worthy of national recognition. When you have read this encouraging record you will feel yourself braced against the warnings of disaster with which the air is laden.

JOSEPH A. BREIG, was the man to sense the value of the story. Admiration for his own parish of the Sacred Heart in Pittsburgh, an inspiring one, and his training as a newspaper writer on the *Sun-Telegraph* fit him to tell the tale well. From St. Vincent's, Latrobe, Pa. he went to Notre Dame and later to newspaper work.

• THE SECOND eldest of eleven children and the father of nine, LOUIS JOHN SANKER has felt how much the simple story of Bethlehem means to a Catholic family. He has written some of his thoughts into his poem, *Glory of the Manger*. He is a graduate of Xavier University, Cincinnati.

• TWO YEARS AGO AUSTIN J. APP went to San Antonio, Texas, to teach in the Catholic University Summer Branch. There he learned of the Christmas play, *Los Pastores*, and of the simple, devout actors whose faith and devotion made it an annual attraction. His interest led him to search for manuscripts on the subject and to personal interviews with local authorities. In this authentic account he has contributed to the lore of Catholic culture in the Southwest.



Austin J. App

Travel, education and teaching have led the writer far from his home-state, Wisconsin. His summer vacations, while he was taking his college course, were spent in California, Panama and Porto Rico. He went to the Catholic University with a four-year graduate scholarship and remained there as an instructor. He is now professor of English and head of the department at St. Thomas College, Scranton, Pa.

• SO MUCH is published about what the world needs that we are apt to forget what the world has. In *Blood Will Tell*, ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C. P., D. D. reminds us of the remedies supplied by the Divine Physician—the Son of God who became Man and made us sharers in His nature through grace.

It is an unusual treatment that the author brings to a subject with which all Catholics should be familiar. A perusal of the article will help to more alertness in corresponding with Divine grace.

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China and the Western Nations

THE Sino-Japanese conflict has dragged on and given time to both nations to put their respective cases before the court of world opinion. The Japanese present these arguments: Almost 80% of their foreign investments are in China; the natural market for Japanese goods is there, so that conditions in China are a vital factor in Japanese commerce; whilst upset by internal disorder the Chinese have been united in a bitter anti-Japanese campaign; China was primed for a fight and brought it about by provocative acts against Japanese lives and property; Soviet Russia's influence was becoming more of a threat, both through the Chinese Communist armies and Nanking's working agreement with Russia.

In reply the Chinese assert that whilst Japanese officials deny any territorial ambitions, the military forces of that country belie such statements; that Japan has already seized and is dominating large segments of China; that if Japan has a special mission on the mainland of Asia the Chinese, in turn, should have a special interest in Japan's internal affairs; that Japan fears the unification and modernization of China—a great part of the latter being accomplished under the direction of foreigners who are not Russian; that the claim of Communist influence in China is only an excuse, since China has paid heavily in crushing that influence; that the Communist armies are of little importance—as proven by their short stand in the North China fight; that the Chinese are amazed at Japan's efforts to promote good-will and friendship by a ruthless military campaign; that if Japan and Russia come to blows not their own countries, but China, is to be the battlefield—since over 200,000 Japanese soldiers, exclusive of the Manchukuoan army, are established between Hsinking and Siberia.

WHILST this verbal debate goes on, Japan's modern army pushes down from the north and harries the retreating Chinese troops on the road to Nanking. At this moment observers are trying to forecast whether the Chinese resistance will collapse or whether there will be a long-drawn-out struggle. Some believe that Japan is but beginning a protracted campaign which will weaken her financially; others, that she will win a speedy victory and obtain all her objectives.

Apart from the effect that Japanese domination of China would have on the world market, the western powers realize that the Far Eastern crisis comes home to them in other ways. Whether rightly or wrongly, Japan is apparently impervious to notes, warnings and reminders of treaty promises. With Europe trying to localize one conflict, a conflagration breaks out in Asia. The western nations must feel that, whoever is the victor in China, their own prestige and power are definitely diminished. They must realize too that

their future status in the Far East will inevitably be changed. If Japan is strong enough to dictate to China, or China stubborn enough to drive back such a powerful invader—other nationals in Asia, far from their protecting governments, can hardly expect to maintain their present privileges.

Honesty, and a bit of historical research, should make western powers admit that theirs has not been a good example. An unpleasant record of greedy conquest and a determined jealousy to hold what they have taken are not inspiring precedents to quote to the Japanese. As for China—admitting her past lack of unity and her outbursts of anti-foreignism—it must be remembered that she has been scorned and laughed at because she was not progressive, not machine-minded, not modern.

WELL, more impressive than any advice from her friends or any mockery from her enemies is the lesson which modernized warfare is teaching China. She has every reason to believe, in her present position, that war is far from being repudiated as an instrument of national policy. So, as the year 1937 closes, we may list China as one convert to western methods of war. It is not a conversion which we can look upon with any feeling of pride. It will not excuse her misuse of power, if she should misuse it, in the future as a strong nation. But it will have to be remembered as a turning point in her long history.

Americans, now so numerous in the fertile mission field of China, cannot but be concerned about their own position and their work. There is no indication at the present moment that there will be interference with their apostolic labors. By their charity and courage they are again winning the admiration and confidence of Christians and pagans alike. It is not an incurable optimism—for they know more disappointments and obstacles than we imagine—but their profound faith which keeps them at their posts. Amongst them there is no thought of abandoning their charge. Rather they plan for the future.

These priests and Sisters, perhaps, will offset much of the harm done by those who have penetrated the Far East only for their own selfish ends. Outlasting treaties and weighing more than promises in the balance for peace, will be the example of these priests and Sisters who are identifying themselves with the fortunes of their people. The nations owe them a debt of gratitude, for they are ambassadors of good-will and living proofs that Christianity does have an answer to the problems of individuals and nations.

Father Theophane Maguire O.P.

CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT

• **THAT** mankind can be legislated into a state of happiness and prosperity is a dream from which even the recent Prohibition experiment has not aroused our theorists. Social evils and inequalities of whatever kind and from whatever source are to be removed by law; mankind is to be led by the

Wage and Hour Bill

hand into a Utopia-by-legislation.

The Federal Wage and Hour Bill is the product of this there-ought-to-be-a-law mentality. By the simple artifice of passing a law, Congress is to do away with the injustices resulting from low wages and long hours in industry.

The ideal is laudable in the highest degree. The evils which this legislation would remove cry for a remedy. But will the Federal Wage and Hour Bill, which has been held over from the last session of Congress for action by the present session, accomplish the purposes for which it is intended?

To answer with a categorical affirmative is to indulge in wishful thinking. With the information at hand it is impossible to foresee with any degree of certainty how such a law would work and what would be its effects. To make a prediction with any degree of confidence we should have to know how many workers will be affected by such legislation, in what localities and industries, and to what extent. Would many industries find it impossible to adjust themselves, with consequent failures resulting in increased unemployment? Would some industries discharge those employees who are not considered worth the minimum wage? Would the shorter hours and higher pay result in an increase in the cost of goods with resultant lower sales and therefore less employment? Would not Federal legislation in this field increase an already excessive centralization of power and of top-heavy bureaucracy in Washington, and decrease the rapidly diminishing initiative of the States in matters of this kind? Would not the Labor Standards Board set up by the Wage and Hour Law possess excessive and arbitrary authority which could be used for selfish and political purposes?

Until thorough study and analysis have thrown light on these questions we shall not be able to determine the effects of Federal legislation of this type.

• **DOUBT** concerning the value of the Federal Wage and Hour Law now proposed in Congress, or concerning the efficacy of any Federal legislation in this field at present,

State Legislation Is Preferable

is not to be construed as evidence of satisfaction with existing conditions. There can be little doubt that efforts must be made to place a floor below wages and a ceiling above hours, and that this must be done by legislation and not left to the mercies of employers. Even in the most prosperous years

of American business, conditions in certain industries have been such as to outrage an elementary sense of justice.

But why must the Federal Government provide the remedy? State legislation on wages and hours is much more efficient and runs much less risk of the evil effects to which Federal legislation of this type is subject. Conditions in various parts of this country differ so much that the application of uniform standards is not only difficult but may be disastrous. Local leaders in industry and labor are far better equipped to deal with local conditions, and have far more at stake than either carpet-baggers or Washington bureaucrats. Furthermore, the lessons to be learned through the application of State laws over a period of time are essential for the framing of Federal legislation that will not risk doing more harm than good.

It cannot be objected that there is urgent need of haste and that the States are doing nothing. Since the beginning of the present National Administration the number of States having minimum wage laws has risen from seven to twenty-four. Twenty-one States now have maximum hours of work. Since practically all of this progress has been made in the last few years, it cannot be reasonably argued that the States are doing nothing and that, therefore, it is the duty of the Federal Government to provide the necessary legislation.

• **AT THE TIME** of writing, negotiations continue between the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. in an effort to bring together again in peace and harmony these two warring labor factions. Negotiations began with each side presenting maximum demands unacceptable to the other side. Since then, however,

Peace In the Labor Ranks

there has been evidence of a spirit of compromise and of an earnest desire to reach an amicable conclusion, all of which gives promise of practical results. The gulf that separates the craft from the industrial unions is not so great that it cannot be bridged by a spirit of concession and of mutual understanding.

With the passage of time it is becoming increasingly evident that the A.F. of L. must in the long run recognize the necessity of industrial unionism. It has come to stay—and apparently in the form of John L. Lewis' C.I.O.—and the question now is to determine what its relations are to be with craft unionism, represented by the A.F. of L.

On the other hand it is becoming more and more evident how deceived they were who told us six or eight months ago that the A.F. of L. was dead—or, at least, moribund. Between three and four million skilled laborers, united by the bonds of common crafts, are not so easily eliminated from the scene. The meteoric rise of the C.I.O. was checked by its failure against "Little steel" and further slowed up by the present business

recession as well as by the set-backs it encountered in its recent political ventures. Its leaders are beginning to realize that it is only a part of the labor movement in the United States and has need of the support and co-operation of the A.F. of L. if it is to make any substantial or permanent progress.

This mutual realization that each needs the other is a powerful force working for an agreement. Of moment also is the influence which President Roosevelt has exercised in behalf of peace. Perhaps the most powerful motive power working for peace is the determination of the rank and file of both the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. to end the needless split in the ranks of labor. Such influences will surely force the leaders of both the craft and industrial unions to find a solution for their problems and to work out a plan that will reunite labor in one great, compact and powerful body that will be able to bargain with industry on a footing of equality.

• Among Christianity's paradoxes surely none is greater than that of our worship of the most helpless form of life—a new-born Babe. Even those who might be bold enough to rebel at a display

The Spirit of Bethlehem

of power are, for a time at least, brought to their knees in the presence of His weakness. It is only through faith

that we are sure that we are adoring in Him the omnipotent God.

We accept the thought of God humbling Himself, yet we are so slow to grasp what His Incarnation did in elevating mankind. Behind "man's inhumanity to man" is his ignorance of man's nobility. For we cannot easily despise what we believe to be precious. We cannot hate what our minds and hearts tell us should be loved.

We put upon a pedestal even the remnant of a sculptured classic. A lost or ruined masterpiece arouses the indignation of a civilized world. But it is as obvious as the blaring headlines announcing them, that stories of a shattered body or a ruined life make only today's news. Tomorrow they are not even a memory. Cultured, educated gentlemen who would be aghast at the sight of a vandal wrecking a museum, announce callously—as they did but lately of the proposal to bomb a Chinese city: "Experts are awaiting the result with considerable interest."

A Damian of Molokai amongst the leprous outcasts, a Peter Claver in the Negro galley-ships, a Paul of the Cross on the mission platform, a Curé of Ars in the confessional—these men knew the dignity even of the wretched to whom they ministered. But the heartlessness, the brutality, the injustice with which we are all too familiar could not continue if those who sit in the councils of the world held the person of man in proper honor.

True, mankind needs leaders. All are not gifted with the same abilities, all do not have equal opportunities. All are not industrious, provident, trustworthy. The weakness of those who must be led, the dullness of those who move only under direction, even the perverseness of those who must be checked is a challenge to the leaders who control the lives of others. These frailties of their fellow-men are not an excuse for the flouting and submerging of individuals who have the same nature, the same purpose in life, the same eternal destiny as their masters.

Both those who lead and those who follow may ponder over the principles which Christ laid down in His teaching years. He Himself toiled and practiced obedience. His words were words of peace, mercy, justice and love. These would seem strange themes in the discussions of

those who represent the nations and who speak in terms of incidents, patrols, treaties and proportional strength. Yet we cannot brush aside Christ's teachings as the dreams of an idealist, and still pretend to the name of Christian.

After all, He knows what is in the heart of man. If His way is impossible to follow, if men have not within them the power to live in peace as children of God—then to what purpose was Christ's life and death? We are not without hope. We do seem to be at times without courage. Not in mere homage to His divinity, but in the convinced practice of His teachings about our fellow-men shall we find a solution of the discord and unrest which are so utterly remote from the spirit of Bethlehem.

• It is extremely common these days, in private conversation and in public speeches, to hear from employers the most benign and humane sentiments towards

labor. In spite of them, we remain convinced that in the future as in the past labor must advance, not by the help of paternalistic employ-

ers, but by wise and progressive social legislation and above all by powerful labor unions.

The Paternalistic Employer

Father L. M. Merrill, C.S.S.R., writing in *The Liquorian*, relates an incident which we think illustrates the point. The President of the Lane Cotton Mills in Louisiana, which employs more than 1600 people, opposed the unionization of his workers. In the controversy over the matter, a reporter for *Catholic Action of the South* called on the President of the mills. This is the story he was told:

"The relations of our people with the management are of the most friendly character possible. The door of my office is always open to any employee who wishes to consult me, and that during working hours without loss of pay. Conditions in our plant will compare favorably with any similar plant anywhere. There is not one case on record of any employee having come to me with a just complaint without getting full satisfaction. . . . The working men must be led by men who are well-informed, honest and sane; men who have the best interests of their group at heart."

Could anything be more lovely, more fatherly and kind-hearted than such sentiments? How sad, one would say, we have not more such employers in America!

Here is the other side of the picture. The President of the Textile Workers' Organizing Committee found the following conditions prevailing in the Lane Mills:

"Many employees of the Lane Mills, including heads of families, receive as low as \$7.80 per week for 45 hours' work. Some work as 'doffers' in the spinning room and earn \$9.80 for 45 hours' work. Most of these men would gladly work overtime if permitted to do so. . . . One man, who has been with the mills about 10 years, who is married and supports a wife and two children, told an interviewer that he seldom made more than 16 dollars per week and often less. To earn 16 dollars this man must work 65 hours, including overtime. As he cannot stand to work overtime every night, his pay check is sometimes as low as 12 dollars."

Examples of this kind could be multiplied. When such employers say they "have the best interests of their group at heart" they evidently do not mean the workingman. Or perhaps in spite of what they think is a conscientious regard for the rights of the laborer they are mentally incapable of seeing beyond the immediate and selfish interests of their own class.

If they are victims of tradition, that tradition must end.

• Is it just one more indication of our national moral drift that so little adverse comment was aroused over the report from the Kansas Industrial School at Beloit?

Surgical Short-Cuts to Morality

There, according to press dispatches, 62 of 148 girl inmates have been sterilized. Mrs. Kathryn McCarthy, former Democratic representative in Congress from Kansas, made the statement that 22 more were scheduled for the same treatment before the change in Governors of the State. A legislative act of 1917 authorized the sterilization of inmates in cases recommended by physicians and not opposed by relatives of the patients.

That some relatives did object in vain, and that others were consulted too late for them to act, was also reported in the press. The claim was made that the operations were performed, in some cases, for mere infractions of discipline. The State Board of Administration later announced that only in the most extraordinary emergency would sterilization be resorted to. And Dr. Leo Turgeon gave the assurance that the operation would be banned at the Boys' Industrial School and Reformatory except under unusual circumstances.

The law itself smacks of the methods of Stalin: In order to reform, the State must maim, liquidate, kill. But Dr. Outland, who performed the operations, boasts that these "represent a forward step in handling social problems in Kansas and in any other State. Scientific and humane operations of this kind will diminish lawlessness and crime in any country." Yet a doctor of such extensive experience should know that such treatments are too often an incentive to a further life of crime. Cut off from all hope of motherhood these wayward girls have the assurance that they can go out, if unreformed, to a life of sin without one of the fears that formerly might have acted as a check on them.

How depressing is this indirect admission of failure to correct and re-direct the lives of these unfortunate offenders against the social order! Here is factual evidence of the uses to which such laws can be put. Weighty moral reasons are opposed by Catholics to this type of legislation. In addition to these reasons, Catholics have claimed that such laws will give an opportunity for abuses not sanctioned by the law itself. The Kansas case seems to justify this claim. The movement for the legalizing of "mercy killing" and sterilization is by no means suppressed. It would be well for Catholics and non-Catholics to file away in memory such unpleasant and revealing incidents as the one in Beloit.

• GLAD tidings are broadcast from an oil company's laboratory in Texas. By a process discovered there we are assured of an unlimited supply of T.N.T. From England comes biological prophecy.

Science Sets Sail for Utopia

Dr. Julian Huxley advises that the production of a better race of men will result from the application to human propagation of the artificial methods now employed in breeding thoroughbred horses and cattle! Another cause of pride for the whole human race is the claim of Professor Gray of Cambridge that there is a marked resemblance between the mentality (!) of fish and that of men. It may be that one of these categories of similarity—"powers of forming associations between events"—is responsible for a fourth professional contribution to our knowledge.

For at Kings College, London, Professor S. H. Hooke makes this statement: "Recent finds in North Syria, dating from the second millennium B.C., show that it

was a ritual to kill a shepherd at the time of summer drought." So he concludes "that Cain probably worshipped by killing Abel, thus presumably helping the soil." And for performing this pious ritual the Lord said to Cain—if we are to believe Genesis—"The voice of thy brother's blood crieth to Me from the earth. Now, therefore, cursed shalt thou be upon the earth . . ."

Is this, then, the end to which we have been brought by the humanism which would make of man a god? Our scientists' efforts are to be used in prying from nature secrets for the further destruction of our fellow-men. "A wife's children will not necessarily be those of her husband . . . while her husband's children will not necessarily be those of his wife." The human intellect is to be reduced to the mechanism of a fish's brain. The first recorded murder is to be classed as a ceremonial rite!

If the pseudo-scientists wish to devote their time to vagaries and to the perfection of annihilating forces, perhaps that is their concern. But one wonders at the justice of committing to their tutelage the youth who wish to learn something constructive and sane and beneficial to themselves and humanity.

• ONE of the most revolting features of modern warfare is the fact that killings and mutilations are not confined to the troops engaged in battle but are inflicted also on helpless civilians in cities and towns behind the lines. The brutality is still greater when the injured are women and children.

Slaughter of Women and Children

Since the beginning of the Civil War in Spain we have heard a great deal about General Franco's slaughtering of women and children. In fact, both in news dispatches and in pictures, this has been the spearhead of a very efficient Red propaganda emanating from Spain. Franco has been pictured as a second Herod, a Moloch dripping with the blood of infants.

Now, all along it has been evident that the Red leaders have left their civil population—including women and children—exposed to enemy attacks in places that are military objectives of strategic importance and therefore, according to all the laws of war, subject to attack. There are even indications that, with almost incredible callousness, they have done it deliberately in order to provide matter for propaganda.

One of the most recent slaughters of women and children, featured in the daily press as proof of Nationalist savagery, was the bombing of Lérida and Barbastro. Of this, *Time*, which certainly holds no brief for the Nationalists, says:

"It was useless to pretend that the towns lacked military importance. Lérida, a key town in the Leftist defense of Barcelona, was the temporary headquarters of Leftist Commander General Sebastian Pozas, and Barbastro not only contained many Leftist ammunition dumps but was last week an important Leftist base. One of Lérida's bombs landed smack on a public school, killed 70 children."

If the Reds keep women and children at points of military concentration, they are bound to be killed—and killed through the fault of those who leave them there. That, however, seems to make very little difference to Spanish Communists, as it provides the only weapon they know how to wield—propaganda.

While we feel the deepest sympathy for the women and children who are suffering, we have nothing but loathing for the policy which permits and uses this suffering for purposes of propaganda.

It is time that common knowledge and public opinion demand a portion of truth in the "Loyalist" news releases.

An Economic Gold Brick

The Wage and Hour Bill Exemplifies the Belief of Theorists That the Progress of the Human Race Can Be Speeded Up By Making Ideals Into Laws

By HENRY M. WRIGHT

SPRINGTIME in Washington is a time of romance and blooming expectancy. Sightseers, newly-weds, school teachers and children on spring vacation, crowd into the city to gaze at the blossoming trees about the Basin and feel the rare June days that touch here in April and May. And they come to behold in action the lawmakers from every district of the great nation. They come with expectancy, and with imagination let free they take back home rosy fantasies of the things their expectant minds want to see.

High Hopes Entertained

IT WAS in this atmosphere that the Wage and Hour Bill, officially known as the Black-Connery Fair Labor Standards Act of 1937, was brought to the light in the Spring of 1937. Many saw it with just that fantasy of their imaginations. Here was something that in one stroke would give the abundant life to all. "Now at last," in the wording of the House Committee Report, was to come the 40-hour week and a minimum of \$16 to the lowest laborer. But others, at first a small minority, were

not so sure. With the experience of the NRA before them, the Bill brought a dizzy feeling to these.

The idealism on the part of workers is readily understood, for two ideologies had been dinned into their ears: First, that all the failure to reach a higher goal was due to the unwillingness of some phantom force of economic royalism to co-operate; and, second, that the dawn of a new era for them was in sight under their leadership. The rejection of the idea of Federal regulation of a 40-hour week and a 40-cent minimum wage by industrial groups could easily be read off to the workers as another "last

stand of Bourbonism." But it wasn't so easy to explain the cynicism of Government officials and industrialists who had been active in trying to make the NRA an effective labor law four years before.

NRA Experience

I LIVED through those days of NRA, I breathed its atmosphere. I saw industrial leaders and labor leaders in those days in action in hearings and around the table. I was close to them in the two years following, when every conceivable kind of scheme was hatched to try to find something workable. The Government spent millions of dollars in all that work. Great lessons were learned out of that experience. And having lived through that great experiment, it is not difficult to understand why so many felt that the new Wage and Hour Bill was ignoring those lessons, was giving nothing but a gesture to labor, was likely to create a condition foreign to the ideals of progressive labor, and even to feel that what it offered was unworkable.

EWING GALLOWAY PHOTO



It took no driving force of law or courts in those days of emergency in 1933 to set the ideal in motion to get men back to work and agree on a voluntary minimum wage that would give the laborer a decent pay. Scarcely was the program announced than the highest executives in American industry came personally to Washington, many with signed blanket authorities given them by associations of industry and trade in order to make agreements with labor.

Voluntary Discipline

IT IS IMPORTANT to recall these things. The labor law of 1933, NRA, was not born in a spirit of repression against big industry, nor against anything else. It was started in an atmosphere of good fellowship, of desire of all interests to co-operate. The "era of good feeling," which was vainly sought two years later, actually existed in full measure at that time. And it was in that atmosphere that industry was told by the President that it now, under NRA, "has the right to do things which have hitherto been unlawful." It was then that industry was given such statements as this: "Codes and agreements are to be presented to the Recovery Act Administration for approval. Certain labor conditions are required. When approved, exemption from the anti-trust laws is provided." It was at that time that labor was warned: "This law is also a challenge to labor. . . . This is not a law to foment discord and it will not be executed as such. This is a time for mutual confidence and help."

American industry in 1933 was under a voluntary discipline. Industry's own leaders were freely exposing the errors of the past. The terms "recalcitrant minority" and "selfish few" were academic only, and vague, like the phantom tribe of Amazons. Those who sat down in Washington in the Summer of 1933 with the industrial leaders know that there were few exceptions to the general desire of raising the whole normal standard of industrial relations. In those days one of the most outstanding trade association leaders, himself a highly successful business man, said this:

"There are, in my judgment, only two answers: first, the establishment of regard for the rights and welfare of the other fellow, and, second, the development of discipline which will make that regard effective. . . . There are different kinds of discipline, the discipline of authority and the discipline of

ourselves. The latter is the only one that is truly effective."

But cataclysmic changes occurred in the next four years. A person who went to sleep in 1933 and reopened his eyes and ears on Washington in 1937 would have seen changes as revolutionary as those experienced by Rip Van Winkle. Washington in the Spring of 1937 was an entrenched partisan camp as far as concerns labor-industrial-Government relations.

The wave of economic theorizing and demagogic catch-phrasing since the depression had most certainly brought with it a growing disregard for a fundamental practical truth, namely, that leadership, like art of any kind, is a peculiar genius given by nature to some men and not to others. Another doctrine that distilled in these years was the easy-way-out remedy of the theorists. The "There-ought-to-be-a-law" plague which descends on human society at intervals has led to more violent social disturbances than any other thing. I am not trying to find excuses for those at the other extreme who saw in an inflexible Constitution a perfect rest, but it is hard to deny that a desire for repression by law was destroying the older democratic belief that sentiment, ethics, and morals should rule according to basic laws.

To many, therefore, this new attitude of strict regulation under detailed labor laws was incompatible with the other promises made to labor for collective bargaining and free democratic unions. In Federal and State employment, now accounting for one-eighth of all the jobs in the country, workers were specifically forbidden to use the strike or the force of unions to obtain collective action. "Wouldn't this prohibition be extended to all workers," they said, "if the Government brought private concerns under a system of Federal supervision?"

A Strange Birth

THE Wage and Hour Bill had one of the strangest births of any proposed law in modern history. Between the Bill and the costly experience that preceded it there was no semblance of a connecting link. For two years, since the Schechter Decision, hundreds of bills had been suggested, ranging from licensing in the early ones to voluntary advisory councils in the last stage.

As the months advanced from May 27, 1935, to the Spring of 1937, the conviction of experienced men became more definite that there was less and less possibility of writing a workable labor law. As eco-

nomic conditions improved, the need for Government regulation was dwindling. The history of labor unions for a century and a half shows that the American worker only reluctantly pays dues in good times, and only the most strenuous propaganda of professional labor leaders keeps up the membership during periods when the worker sees before him a normal chance to push himself ahead in his job. In other words, when the Administration first promised labor regulation there was need for it, but when it sent the Bill to Congress on May 24, 1937, there was so little need for it that there was no likelihood of enough public acceptance to make it work.

Fulfilling Pledges

BUT there were pledges to be fulfilled. What the idealists were after was a bill that would "click" with the staccato of the pronouncements of 1933. Something dramatic was wanted. But the idea of a Board to sit in Washington and set wages and hours for the country was not dramatic, and the legal cleverness of the Bill to avoid constitutional issues was not enough to make it click in 1937. Faces fell everywhere as it was read. The identical Bill could have been written at any time after the world had forgotten the labor-industry lessons learned during the War—that a Board can never set wages and hours for the whole country. It smacks of musty old economic treatises.

The Bill having been launched, however, the propaganda machines, both political and labor, were in the position of having to support it. After their first gasp of astonishment at the vacuity of the surprise Bill, they jumped in to pump life into it, or to keep it embalmed with sweet-smelling ointments so that its real condition was not sensed by the mass of the workers. Senators voted for it to fulfill their pledges, but secretly many hoped that the Bill would be killed in the House.

The Bill as it reached the floor of the House sets up a standard of a 40-hour week and a 40-cent minimum wage. But in the report of the House Committee on Labor the ability of Congress to pass on labor standards is specifically denied, and thus these standards are subject to exception and exemption by what the House Committee calls "an expert administrative tribunal," or in the language of the Bill, a Board with authority to hold hearings in every hamlet in the nation. The Board will determine what is an "oppressive labor practice," and "a fair wage." Thus, in this Bill,

whether its sponsors intended or not, we have set up, not an expert administrative tribunal, but an industrial court system for the whole country, in addition to the tribunal systems already established under the Labor Relations Act and the Government Contracts Act.

Encouraging Bureaucracy

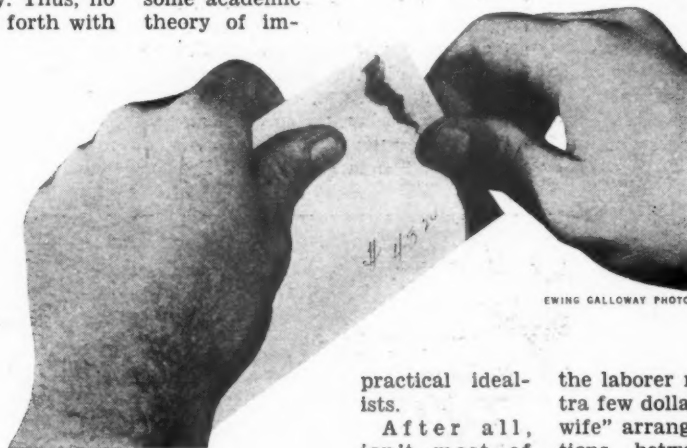
THE HISTORY of such Boards in this country, both Federal and State, has been that although the Chairman is empowered to dictate majority decisions, circumstances prevent him from taking that actual direct personal action that characterizes private business. The staffs and offices of the Boards rapidly become bureaucratic. They do not function like courts, and being too often "carpet-baggers" appointed from another locality they do not get local public sympathy. Thus, no individual dares to stand forth with prompt direct decisions because he is afraid that higher authority will not back him. When one official does "stick out his head," in the parlance of bureaucracy, any insignificant minority can block his decisions and send them through endless investigating committees. In the case of NRA, this condition built up like a whirlwind.

Boards of this character, whose duty is indefinitely defined to cover legal problems yet unsolved, always tend to justify their usurpation of the judicial field by technical necessity, and "expert" aides are called into service. This phase was developed to a fantastic degree in NRA. "Fact-finding" became a mania, and the "experts" and advisory groups wrote long "studies" and dug out ponderous statistics to settle questions that an executive in an ordinary business would answer in five minutes after hearing the pertinent issues on both sides. The path to this condition of windmill motion, exasperating to business men awaiting decisions, is wide open in the new Bill.

No man today, unless he be the mythical Tory of the headlines, would disagree with the goals at which the idealists are aiming. But a great mistake of the idealistic theorists is their undemocratic and immoral belief that the normal progress of the human race can be speeded up by writing idealisms

into laws and through coercing by Government Boards. Even with the voluntary co-operation of important business groups and trade associations we found that to be impossible under NRA.

A tendency of this Bill, especially in conjunction with some unfortunate developments of the Labor Relations Act, is to drive industrial society into two distinct classes—employers and workingmen—locking them into a caste system and setting up a chasm of mutual suspicion. In this aspect of the Bill it resembles Communistic doctrine. In the matter of coercion it resembles Fascism. Laws of this type do to our economic life just what the religious laws of the 16th and 17th centuries did to social life—set friend against friend, neighbor against neighbor, all to uphold some academic theory of im-



EWING GALLOWAY PHOTO

practical idealists.

After all, isn't most of the present talk

on the subject of collective bargaining purely academic? In America today there is no such thing as a distinctive working class. The Wage and Hour Bill treats the employee as belonging to a specific static group. But every American worker has a 1 in 3 chance of advancing to supervisory work and of gradually going upward. In actual practical life the worker theorizes on wage and hour regulation, but he himself does not want to be shackled. It was the worker himself during NRA who wanted to work more than the prescribed hours.

Take the example of a small factory of about thirty persons, of which there are many thousands in every part of this country. Here is an actual typical example of how the personnel to operate such a factory is distributed: 1 manager, 1 assistant manager and sales executive, 1 cost accountant and chief clerk, 3 foremen, 1 inspector, 1 stock clerk, 2 secretaries, 3 clerks, 4 skilled workers, 4 men workers, 5 girl workers, 3 ap-

prentices (young men), 1 laborer. The greater the mechanization of a factory the greater is the proportion of thinkers, directors, and supervisors needed. Such a distribution as this, taken from actual practice, definitely disproves any assumption that physical labor is the only real form of value. It shows the falsity of the position of those organizers who appeal to mob psychology to make it appear that the workers at the machines should be entitled to the lion's share of public attention.

Look at this factory frankly from the standpoint of either "collective bargaining" or for the purpose of settling wage and hour questions. The three foremen are experts in their line, one in charge of mechanical work, one of finishing, and one of assembling. These men, and the inspector and stock clerk, are kings in their respective spheres, and they are known to the manager as "John" or "Jake." The four skilled workers are in practically the same position, while the four men workers have constantly an eye on promotion. All the executives in a factory of this kind know intimately every worker, and even

the laborer makes an occasional extra few dollars by helping the "boss's wife" arrange her garden. The relations between management and workers in this shop is called "paternalism" by some economic writers, but examination of this type of plant in any community will show real friendship and mutual trust from top to bottom, and through this relationship it has been possible for the humblest worker to rise to the top.

Division into Castes

DIVIDING this personnel into prescribed castes of management and worker, as may readily happen by rigid application of a Labor Relations Act, or a Wage and Hour Law, under the influence of enthusiastic Government theorists with messianic ideas of their ability to hasten human progress, at once sets up an air of mutual suspicion under which no friendship can exist. Such a condition tends to destroy the free pathway of human progress, and from that standpoint it is definitely immoral.

This is an actual case of a small shop, but it is typical of most factories up to 500 or 600 employees,

which means most American factories. It is only in the very large plants that human contact begins to be lost. But in these the forced cure is sometimes worse than the disease. Actual conditions in some great plants today have an ominous look in this respect. Men glower at other men for daring to be friendly with their foremen. They report them as "traitors" to the working class; they put oil on their clothes or threaten them in order to keep them in the worker's caste. It is a matter of record that the ambitious young man as a workman in a great plant today often has to stand the ridicule, abuse, and sometimes physical violence of the worst element of the laboring class, the men who never can raise themselves, because he studies and works hard to better his position. It is extremely doubtful if one out of every five workers is available for organization into labor unions in normal times unless recruited by these methods.

This is not a discussion of labor unions, nor of the propriety of organization either by professional organizers or with the aid of the State

of those workers who individually are not in a position to fight for themselves, who desire to stay as workers or who are incapable of getting above the common labor level. But it seems hardly an improvement on American social philosophy to lock all workers into this lowest grade level, or with Government aid give any ambitious leader of this group the power that would come from such a closed caste.

Starvation wages, child labor, long hours without extra compensation, are found today in the big plants doing a national business. There are establishments, service trades, and loft shops that exist only by cut-throat methods, and the Wage and Hour Bill has exempted all of these, and its administrative Board will be powerless against them.

The Bill exempts the great local retail and wholesale trades which comprise more than a quarter of all workers; it exempts agricultural labor and all the related occupations of agriculture, another quarter of the workers; also all seamen, fishermen, and the transportation industries, the largest of all indus-

tries, are excluded. It exempts "outside salesmen" who number hundreds of thousands. Administrative and professional occupations are not included. It exempts all employees engaged in seasonal operations, which means canning, packing, and innumerable others. It does not cover the millions of Federal, State, and other public employees, nor those in the service trades. Most of the important manufacturers are already covered by wage and hour regulation under the Government Contracts Act since most firms of importance eventually do work for the Government.

In other words, this Bill covers only a handful of workers, and it practically does not touch the North, West, or Southwest at all. It is effective only for relatively small groups in the Southern States, but it contains the seeds of repression and disturbance of the economic system in every State in the nation.

In view of these facts, the Wage and Hour Bill is far from being the great piece of social legislation which it has been proclaimed in certain uninformed quarters.



Girls filling pay envelopes in a large industrial plant. Bigger and better payrolls is the hope of labor.

EWING GALLOWAY PHOTO

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THINGS seldom seem quite so good or quite so bad as they do by comparison. The laborer's salary, of itself hardly deserving of notice, appears as great wealth in the light of the sad plight of the unemployed, and as a mere pittance beside the fabulous fortune of the millionaire. A charter of civil liberties is valued more when read together with the decrees of a tyrant. A constitution and form of government is better understood and more properly appreciated when placed side by side with the basic laws of other lands, where men are either more or less fortunate, or more or less restricted in liberty.

The present year affords an excellent opportunity for a comparison of this kind. The year should be a memorable one in the annals of constitutional history. It marks the sesquicentennial of the Constitution of the United States, and at the same time, the birth of two new constitutions.

In vast Soviet Russia, a new basic charter has been drafted and adopted by Stalin and his Communist Party. In tiny Ireland, President Eamon de Valera has presented his people with a document which, by their votes, has become the new Constitution of Eire. While we are busy celebrating the one hundred and fiftieth birthday of our constitution, we may derive much benefit from comparing our treasured document with these two newcomers in the field of government.

THIS comparison might be made from many angles. The structure of government differs in each case; the various definitions and descriptions of departmental powers provide material for study; the extent of the



"Equal Justice Under Law," inscribed on the Supreme Court Building in Washington, gives the key-note of the American Constitution

WIDE WORLD

Three Constitutions

By EDWARD ANDREW DOEHLER

Bill of Rights in each case is different. Without attempting a minute and detailed examination of each of the constitutions, it is still possible to obtain a true and just estimate of their relative merits upon a few of the more important issues.

It is with justifiable pride, and also with a deep feeling of relief and security, that we point to the opening words of our own American Bill of Rights, the First Amendment to the Constitution, adopted by the first Congress and in force November 3, 1791. The Amendment reads: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

These words, as well as the whole of the Bill of Rights, proclaim certain limitations upon the federal government, but not upon the several states.

Still they do guarantee that the government at Washington will not declare any religion to be the established church of the United States, to be supported from the taxes paid into the federal treasury; that the federal government will not prohibit the practice of religion, the free expression of opinion in speech and writing; that no agent or department of the central authority will prevent a peaceful assembly of the citizens, even if the purpose of their meeting be the petitioning of the government itself for relief from what they believe to be grievances.

Essentially, this is the meaning of the First Amendment. In practice certain important applications have been made, which in

a way expand and amend the first paragraph of our Bill of Rights. Although there is no exact wording on which the position might be defended, freedom of religious exercise has been interpreted by the Supreme Court in such a way as to allow the federal government power to forbid the practice of polygamy, even when claimed to be a religious act. Freedom of speech, press and assembly have all been curtailed in time of war and national crisis, when their unrestricted use would have prevented the government from carrying out its constitutional obligations of conducting war and providing for the defense and security of all.

OUR guarantee, then, is that as long as our actions are not a menace to public order and civic safety, we are free to meet, discuss, write and petition the government for laws of our own liking; as long as we do not attempt actions otherwise criminal, we are free to join

any church of our own choosing and to worship according to its creed, satisfied in the assurance that no one church will be singled out for preferential treatment as the established church of the United States.

The new Soviet Constitution has as one of its component parts a chapter devoted to "The Fundamental Rights and Duties of Citizens" (Chapter X). This section is the Soviet Bill of Rights. In two of its articles, the questions of disestablishment, freedom of religious worship, speech, press and assembly are treated, covering with one exception the content of the First Amendment of the Constitution of the United States. There is possibility here of a close comparative study.

In Article 124, the Soviet charter effectively proclaims the separation of Church and State. "In order to insure to citizens freedom of conscience, the Church in the USSR is separated from the State." To complete the schism, the article further proclaims the separation of "the school from the church." Thus there may be no established church in Soviet Russia; neither may the churches maintain schools, nor ecclesiastics teach in schools of any kind; and this in the interests of "freedom of conscience." This is Soviet separation, a separation that approaches isolation and sterilization.

INCLUDED in the same article is the guarantee of religious freedom, which is to be compared with the second part of our First Amendment. Agents of the Soviet in all lands publicize this vaunted guarantee of freedom, though they seldom give the exact text of the entire Article 124. The wording is both interesting and important. "Freedom of religious worship and freedom of anti-religious propaganda are recognized for all citizens." Citizens are free to worship, i.e., free to worship if they can find an open church, a minister of religion to attend to their spiritual needs, and courage enough to worship publicly despite the danger of being accused of opposing the state and guilty of "wrecking" the Soviet system.

The most important part of the article on religious freedom is the reference to "propaganda." Freedom of propaganda is guaranteed to citizens who are working against religion; no such guarantee is provided for the religious. Propaganda means all attempts to explain, to defend, to spread

a cause. Thus churches may not propagandize through sermons or lectures, through a religious press, through public discussions, through church organizations, through schools. But the forces of anti-religion, led by the powerful League of Militant Atheists of the Soviet Union, have the constitutionally recognized right to do just these things—to form clubs, conduct schools and camps, maintain a vigorous press, and work for the spread of their creed of godlessness and the destruction of all religion.

More important, then, than the mere recognition of the right of religious worship is the guarantee of the right of propaganda. The right to life is rather ridiculous without air to breathe and a means of defense against an ever present and armed enemy. The right of freedom of worship is a mere mockery in view of the existence of the state-sponsored League of Militant Atheists and the atheist monopoly of propaganda.

The third point of comparison between the Soviet Constitution and the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States is found in Article 125. Here is given the guarantee of freedom of speech, press and assembly—a freedom which is also loudly praised by the foreign agents of the Soviet Government.

Instead of these biased benedictions and prejudiced panegyrics, one would rather hear the exact wording of Article 125: "In conformity with the interests of the toilers, and in order to strengthen the socialist sys-

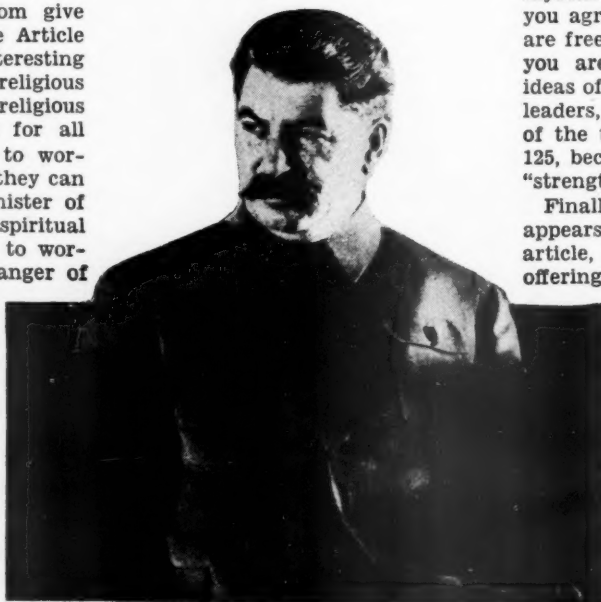
tem, the citizens of the USSR are guaranteed: (a) Freedom of Speech. (b) Freedom of the Press. (c) Freedom of Assembly and of holding mass meetings. (d) Freedom of street processions and demonstrations. These rights of the citizens are insured by placing at the disposal of the toilers and their organizations printing presses, supplies of paper, public buildings, the streets, means of communication and other material requisites for the exercise of these rights."

THREE important observations are immediately obvious. In Article 125 of the Soviet Constitution—in fact in the entire document there is no mention of the right of petition, the right to request relief from grievances. In Russia today there is no right of the citizen to object to the treatment meted out to him by the government; at any rate, he will have no constitutional protection should he be bold enough to assert the claim to such a right.

In the second place (and in a way as an explanation of the absence of this right of petition) the document declares the purpose for which freedom is granted, and gives a true picture of the nature of this new kind of freedom. Freedom of speech, press and assembly are guaranteed to citizens of the USSR "in order to strengthen the socialist system." Citizens are free to speak, write for publication, hold mass meetings and parades, but always in order to perpetuate the existing state of affairs—never to protest against any of its injustices and cruelties. As long as you agree with the government, you are free to express your views. Until you are ready to conform to the ideas of the ruling Communist Party leaders, you are not free to do any of the things guaranteed by Article 125, because such actions would not "strengthen the socialist system."

Finally, the irony of the situation appears in the last paragraph of the article, where by euphemistically offering to the "toilers" the use of

presses, paper, buildings and streets for the exercise of freedom of press, speech and assembly, the Soviet Government passes over the unpleasant fact that it, and it alone, owns and controls all machinery, materials, buildings. Whenever anything is printed, it is printed by a state-owned press on paper which is the property of the state. Every assembly is held in a state-owned building.



Stalin, sullen-faced Red dictator, author of the new Soviet Constitution

It is a real pleasure to turn from such a sad picture to the brighter prospect presented by the second new constitution of the year—the new Constitution of Ireland, or Eire. Much of the document is devoted to the structure of government, the functions and duties of various officials, and other technical matters, of interest to those only who are directly concerned with Irish politics. Here, again, as in the case of the two preceding charters, it is well to turn to the Bill of Rights for the comparison. (Articles 40-44).

Both the American and the Soviet Constitutions declare the separation of Church and State. So also does the new Constitution of Eire. Article 44, Paragraph 2, reads: "The State guarantees not to endow any religion and shall not impose any disabilities or make any discrimination on the ground of religious profession, belief or status." There will be no established church of Eire, although "the State recognizes the special position of the Holy, Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church as the guardian of the faith professed by the great majority of the citizens." (Article 44, Paragraph 1.) The same article continues with an enumeration of the existing churches and religions, granting recognition to one and all.

HERE is a broadly tolerant liberty of religious profession granted by a government that still believes in the reality and the necessity of religion. The opening words of Article 44 should provide food for thought to many present leaders of the people: "The State acknowledges that the homage of public worship is due to Almighty God; it shall hold His name in reverence and shall respect and honor religion."

Secondly, we look for a guarantee of freedom of religious worship. Along with the separation of Church and State, Article 44, Paragraph 2 provides: "Freedom of conscience and the profession and practice of religion are, subject to public order and morality, guaranteed to every citizen." Continuing with an explanation of the workings of this freedom, the document declares: "Legislation providing State aid for schools shall not discriminate between schools under the management of different religious denominations, nor be such as to affect prejudicially the right of any child to attend a school receiving public money without attending religious instruction in that school. Every religious denomination shall have the right to manage its own affairs, own, acquire and administer property, movable and immovable, and



Eamon de Valera, President of the Irish Free State, and author of its new Constitution

maintain institutions for religious or charitable purposes."

Instead of proclaiming merely the freedom of worship as the American Constitution does, the charter of Eire enumerates "conscience," "profession" and "practice" of religion. Furthermore, rather than leave the matter to future judicial interpretation, the article on religion points out that this freedom is subject to "public order and morality." No practices endangering the peace and safety of the state or the moral integrity of its citizens will be tolerated under the name of religion.

But the contrast with the Soviet Constitution is the most enlightening part of the study. Stalin provided freedom of worship, while at the same time denying the freedom of the means to establish, defend and perpetuate any particular church or religion. All the means of exercising such freedom were reserved for the forces of anti-religion. Not so in Eire! There we find no guarantee of freedom of anti-religious propaganda. Churches are allowed to maintain schools and teach religion. State aid is to be given without discrimination to the schools conducted by all religious denominations. Churches may own property and devote it to religious and charitable purposes by operating hospitals, homes and other institutions. Here

is a freedom of worship that is truly vital. Eire does not tell its citizens to live, and then deprive them of air to breathe, food for growth, and hands for defense against the enemy.

Neither are the rights of freedom of speech, press and assembly overlooked in the new Constitution of Eire. Article 40, Paragraph 6, in a careful and detailed manner, gives the extent and limitations of these civic rights. "The State guarantees liberty for the exercise of the following rights, subject to public order and morality:— The right of the citizens to express freely their convictions and opinions. The education of public opinion being, however, a matter of such grave import to the common good, the State shall endeavor to insure that organs of public opinion such as the radio, the press and the cinema, while preserving their rightful liberty of expression, shall not be used to undermine public order or morality or the authority of the state. The publication or utterance of blasphemous, seditious or indecent matter is an offense which shall be punishable in accordance with law. The right of the citizens to assemble peaceably and without arms. Laws, however, may be enacted to prevent or control meetings which are calculated to cause a breach of the peace or to be a danger or nuisance to the general public . . ."

FINALLY we look for the rôle of the citizen in the government established by the Constitution. The First Amendment of our own Constitution proclaims the right to petition the government for redress of grievances. The Soviet charter omits all reference to such popular right. The Eireann Constitution in Article 6, Paragraph 1, leaves no doubt as to the source of governmental authority and the ultimate place of appeal on earth. "All powers of government, legislative, executive and judicial, derive under God from the people, whose right it is to designate the rulers of the State, and in final appeal to decide all questions of national policy according to the requirements of the common good."

We who have lived for a century and a half under a government which recognizes and respects the religious liberty of its citizens will do well to study these two new constitutions. Stalin's Constitution ignores God and practically declares war on religion. The other, de Valera's, opens "In the name of the Most Holy Trinity, from Whom is all authority and to Whom as our final end all actions both of men and of States must be referred."

A Christmas of Their Own

By PENELOPE PENN

"I SUPPOSE," said Henry, "we'll have to have Bob and Millie and the children for Christmas again." He said it not grudgingly, but with resignation.

Enid, at the other side of the dinner table, sighed.

"It's an awful imposition on you, dear. I mean, it's so utterly unfair, my inflicting my unfortunate brother and his family on you every Christmas. As well as all the other help we . . . you . . . give them. You're a perfect saint to put up with it."

Henry beamed under the influence of wifely praise.

"Oh, well," he said deprecatingly, "it isn't that I mind. It isn't much I . . . we do for them. Goodness knows we can spare it. I'd do more, only . . . it's difficult. Bob's so prickly, so independent. I'm certain that if it wasn't for the children he wouldn't accept a thing from us."

"Millie would," said Enid—she had never liked her sister-in-law. "She's a sponge, a leech . . ."

"Oh, come," Henry remonstrated tolerantly. "It isn't for herself, you know. When you've got children, yelling for all sorts of things you can't afford to give them, it must affect your attitude towards life, make a grabber of you. May I have some more of this soufflé?"

"Oh, sorry, darling. Pass your plate."

"Very well, then," he said. "Will you write in due course and invite them, as usual? And see about the tree and the presents? There's plenty of time, of course: a fortnight yet. But I like to get things planned well ahead. And think out a good square meal."

Enid nodded.

"I doubt if they've had a really square one for weeks, poor little things. It's awful, you know, the way Bob can't hold down a job. In five whole years he's had nothing but these temporary places . . . and awful gaps in between them."

"It's beyond me. He's a trier; he's got a head on his shoulders, he's a worker, he's punctual . . . but when any firm he works for decides they'll have to cut down the staff, Bob is the man they decide to do without. I think it's that unfortunate manner

of his. Rubs people the wrong way. I don't mind telling you, dear, though he is your brother, that he sometimes rubs me the wrong way."

"But he doesn't mean it, you know. He couldn't after you've kept on finding him one job after another. It's just that he feels life has given him a raw deal and it makes him resentful towards everything and everybody. It does seem odd, doesn't it? Bob just hasn't got that something, whatever it is, that makes men like you successful. It doesn't seem to be anything to do with brains. So many really clever men are failures, and absolute stupidities make pots of money . . ." She checked, aghast at the implication of her remark. "Of course I don't mean you, darling."

Henry grinned.

"My dear," he said, "when you drop a brick, let it fall. Don't snatch at it as it drops or it'll make a worse noise than ever. Matter of fact, you're dead right. Bob's got twice the brains I have, but he just can't find the right market for 'em, that's all."

"Of course, I love having them here," Enid said, reverting to the original topic. "To see the poor little things' delighted faces. They're so sweet and so good, though they seem so terribly still and old fashioned. I never know what to say to them or how to play with them. They're ducks, though four is really far too many to have in Bob's position."

"YES," said Henry. "Very improvident of him. He'd be better off with none, like us." He sighed. "Well, we'll have Christmas as usual, then. But it would be great to be able to have one to ourselves. Some of these hotels nowadays absolutely spread themselves on dancing and things. It isn't that I mind, but a Christmas like that would do you good, dear."

"Oh, I don't mind," Enid answered untruthfully. "It's you I'm thinking about. You don't get much fun, with all the responsibilities of the business on your shoulders . . ." She rose, came round the table and kissed the bald spot on the top of his head. "You're rather a dear, you know, really."

"Henry, I've got an idea. It's just come to me. I don't know why I've

never thought of it before. Couldn't we say that you've got to go away on business over Christmas . . . New York or somewhere . . . and send Bob a nice fat check to give the family a Christmas of their own?"

Henry shook his head.

"No go. Bob wouldn't take it. He'll never accept even a loan: only work. And he won't take that from me personally because he thinks he won't be earning what I pay him. And he knows nobody does business over Christmas, and that mine couldn't possibly take me to New York or anywhere but just right here. But . . . by Jiminey I've got it."

Enid looked at him expectantly: when Henry said he "had it" she never interrupted.

"I'll buy him a job, one that'll give him enough for him and his kids to have a Christmas of their own. I'll get Tanner to take him on, and make some work for him to do, and I'll pay his salary. Fifty dollars a week we'll give him, for a month."

"Oh, Henry, how splendid. You are a dear."

"Honey, it'll be worth it, if we can have a Christmas of our own. I'll have to think of a reason for our not asking them here, though . . ."

"Oh, we'll think of something," Enid said confidently. "Henry, you are a clever boy . . . and such a darling."

. . . .

"I suppose," Bob said to Millie, "we'll go to Enid's for Christmas, as usual."

"I should hope so, indeed," said Millie. "I think the least they can do, with all their money, is to give the children a good time once a year."

"Henry's a good sort. He's been very decent to us, who are only relations by marriage. He'd have done more if I'd let him. But I hate taking anything from him."

"Why? He can spare it."

"I know. But . . . oh, I'm sure he doesn't mean to be patronizing, but he's so self-satisfied. All these successful business men are. He gets my goat. And then I feel that I'm being ungrateful. But—oh, I don't suppose you'll understand, Millie. It makes a man feel pretty mean when,

whatever he does, he can't keep his wife and kids in decent comfort. And when he can't even give them a Christmas of their own, when they're dependent on the charity of relations for plum pudding and mince pies, and presents and crackers . . . It gets me down."

"Get on with your supper," Millie said tartly. "Baked beans want to be eaten hot. And don't talk nonsense. The children have a right to a jolly Christmas, and if we can't afford to give it to them, then we must let somebody else do it who can and will, that's all. I'm not going to do them out of their once-a-year treat just because you've gone all stiff-necked."

"Though," she added more gently, "it would be nice to have a Christmas here, in our own home, even though it isn't much of a one."

Bobby surveyed his plate of potatoes and gravy with distaste.

"Are we going to Auntie Enid's for kissmuss, mummy?" he asked. "They have nice fings to eat there. Meat, and pies."

"Don't be a little pig, Bobby," said elder sister Daphne severely.

"I expect so, dear," Millie an-

swered. "She hasn't asked us yet, but no doubt she will. Oh, Winnie, you're dribbling all down your frock. Daffe, take baby's spoon away from him: I really can't stand him banging on his tray any longer."

"I don't want to go to Auntie Enid's," Daphne said, frowning.

Her mother stared at her.

"Why not? Why, she gives you a lovely time. You have a party, and a tree and lovely presents, and lots of good things to eat, ever so much nicer than anything Daddy can afford to give you."

THE CHILD eyed her distressfully.

"I know, mummy, but . . . oh, I don't know how to 'splain. It's all so grand there, I'm uncomfortable. I feel as if they look down on us: I know their servants do. And you have to be so careful in that house . . . not to make a mess or a noise or anything . . ."

"Daphne! You're an ungrateful little creature. You're too much like your father; that's what's the matter with you. Too proud. You can't afford to be proud when you're poor. You've just got to be thankful for what comes your way . . ."

"Oh, Mummy, I didn't mean to be

ungrateful. Only . . . only it would be lovely to have a Christmas of our own, all to ourselves; you know, just us."

Millie shrugged.

"Well, it would be a pretty miserable one . . . unless Daddy has better luck than he's had in the last few years. He's gone to see about a job this morning, but I don't suppose he'll get it—or if he does, it won't be worth having."

* * *

Bob came home with awe-stricken eyes. He drew his wife into the living room and his lips were trembling.

"Millie, I've got the job," he said. "It's only temporary, but . . ."

"It would be."

" . . . but it's for a month, certain . . ."

"A month isn't long."

"And it's a wonderful job. Fifty dollars a week. I've never had so much. I can't make out why I'm to have so much, but Mr. Tanner . . . that's the man Henry sent me to see—said they always pay their temporary men well, because they need money more than those in settled jobs."

"I'll say they do."



"Here's a letter from old Tanner. They like my work, Millie. It's too good to be true."

"It might lead to something permanent; you never know. Millie, it shan't be my fault if it doesn't. I'll work like a galley slave; I'll keep this tongue of mine under control; I'll be respectful and obedient and not show other men they don't know their own jobs. Oh, Millie . . ."

Daphne came running into the room.

"Daddy, did you get it? Did you get the job?"

He picked her up in his arms.

"Yes, dear, I got it. It won't last very long, but it's a good one while it lasts."

"Oh, Daddy, how splendid. Aren't you clever?"

He winced.

"I wish I were."

She twined her arms round his neck.

"You are. You're the cleverest daddy in the world . . . and the loveliest." She drew back her head, eying him intently. "Daddy, could we . . . could we afford to have Christmas at home, d'you think?"

"Christmas at home? Is that what you want, Daphne?"

"Yes."

"Instead of going to Auntie Enid's?"

"Yes. A Christmas of our own, that's what I want. And so does Bobby really. He likes the food at Auntie Enid's, but he'd rather be at home so long as he has enough to eat. He told me so."

Bob looked at her thoughtfully.

"Very well," he said at last, "You shall have a Christmas of your own, at home. When Auntie Enid's invitation comes, we'll decline it with thanks."

Millie stamped her foot.

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Bob. You're crazy. Henry will be mortally offended, and you can't afford to offend him. You're going to throw away a lovely Christmas . . ."

"**Y**OU KNOW that's not true, Millie. You're not happy at Enid's. You and she don't hit it off a bit."

For a moment she was silent.

"No. You're right, Bob," she admitted. "I hate going to Enid's. She makes me feel like a tramp, like an outcast. But I've always gone; every year I've gone, so that the children can have a good time."

"Well, do they have it? Daphne's just said . . ."

"Anyway, you daren't offend Henry. And you're crazy, Bob. You're talking as if two hundred dollars made you independent for life. We need every penny of it to pay bills and to put by for when you're out of work again. And you propose to squander it on . . ."

"On giving us all the kind of Christmas we ought to have. Yes. I'm going to. It's worth it. It's worth anything."

"Oh, you're impossible," said Millie. "But it's waste of breath arguing with you, I found that out long ago. Come and help me make the tea."

* * *

ENIID'S LETTER came two days later.

It had cost her a good deal of thought, much puckering of her pencilled eyebrows and ruffling of her fluffy hair, so that her brother's feelings should not be hurt: her sister-in-law's feelings were to her of considerably less importance.

"We are going to New York with the Tanners for Christmas," she wrote, "because Henry wants to do some business with Mr. Tanner and wants to cultivate him. We do hope you won't be terribly disappointed, but it can't be helped. I'll be sending presents for you all, of course, and something for your Christmas dinner . . ."

"They can keep their 'something for the Christmas dinner,'" Bob exploded. "While I have got a little money, I'm going to feed my own family."

"Don't be ridiculous," said Millie. "It'll help."

"At any rate," Bob said, "it lets us out. We can spend our Christmas the way we want to without offending Henry."

* * *

"This will have cost you a pretty penny, dear," said Enid at breakfast on Christmas morning. "What with all this . . . and it's a lovely hotel, darling . . . and the two hundred dollars you paid for Bob, and the terribly lavish presents you would insist on buying for them all . . ."

"It's worth it," said Henry. "It's cheap at the price."

"I do hope the poor little things are having a nice time," Enid mused. "Of course Bob won't be able to afford a great deal. But they'll love their presents . . ."

"They'll be all right, bless 'em," said Henry. "Why can't we get crisp rolls like this at home? Hello, here are the Tanners, down at last."

* * *

"These women," Tanner grumbled to Bob as they sat in the lounge waiting for their wives to descend, dressed for going out. "Why the devil can't a man be allowed to spend his Christmas as it ought to be spent, in his own home, instead of being dragged off to a big hotel where the food gives him dyspepsia and he can't hear himself speak for noisy jazz bands?" he complained.

"Oh, I don't know . . ." Henry began.

"By the way," said Tanner. "I owe you two hundred dollars. I'll give you a check."

"You . . . owe . . . me . . . two hundred dollars?"

"Yes. That check you gave me to pay your brother-in-law's wages. Good Lord, the man's earned 'em. He's worth twice that to me. I put him in the advertising department, because a man can fill in a lot of time there without realizing he's doing unnecessary work. I thought we'd just have to tear his stuff up—but my advertising manager says he's the best write-up man he's ever had. Writes stuff with a punch in it; the stuff that really sells goods. I'm keeping him on permanently. I sent him a note to that effect as a Christmas present."

"Thank God," said Henry to himself. "We can have a Christmas of our own for evermore."

* * *

THE ARRIVAL of the postman interrupted the Christmas morning riotings of Bob's family. The children were yelling and whooping over their toys; Millie was in the kitchen, happily planning a week's ample catering out of the huge case of foodstuff that Enid had sent; Bob went to the door alone, picked up the one letter, saw that it was addressed to himself and that it was a Tanner & Co. envelope.

"I suppose this is just my luck," he said. "The sack at the end of the week."

He tore open the envelope, read the brief typewritten note with staring eyes. Then he ran into the kitchen, almost gibbering.

"Millie!" he shouted. "Millie, it's permanent. They're keeping me on. Here's a letter from old Tanner. They like my work. Millie, it's too good to be true."

He grabbed her by the waist and began to dance her round the kitchen: there was only room for two steps each way.

Millie beamed at him.

"You silly, ridiculous boy. Let me go. Put me down. You're crazy. Here are the children."

"What is it, Daddy?" Daphne asked, her face and voice anxious. "What's happened?"

Bob scooped her up and swung her into the air.

"Happened? It's what's going to happen, dear. All sorts of nice things, and the best of them all is, we're going to have a Christmas like this every year from now on . . . our own Christmas, at home, Christmas all to ourselves."

EVEN a priest may lead a rebellion, when its armament is love, its objective the glory of God. Consider Father Joseph L. Lonergan, whose church until recently was invisible because it was in the souls of his people, and nowhere else.

Fourteen years ago, there were two Catholic churches in Clairton, just outside Pittsburgh, on the Monongahela River in Pennsylvania. The parishes had grown over-large, and the faithful who lived on the fringes were becoming merely marginal Catholics.

Father Lonergan was sent to Clairton with instructions to found a new parish. His first task was to find it. Many of his flock hadn't attended Mass in months, and had use for priests only in moments of unexpected weakness, caused by matrimony or mortal illness. It is probably just as well that Father Lonergan's appointment was dated on Labor Day.

He borrowed the Municipal Building, abandoned when the city annexed the former borough of Wilson. With 80 families as a nucleus, he founded his parish, and called it the Church of St. Paulinus.

Often enough, Father Lonergan must have borrowed courage from St. Paulinus, wealthiest man of his time, who married the wealthiest woman and then distributed both fortunes to the poor, the better to love the Master.

But the supreme test was yet to come. After a dozen years of labor, Father Lonergan decided to build. He had tripled his congregation, scraped up \$16,000 for land, and saved \$13,000 for a building fund. So he consulted an architect.

The plans, when they came, wrecked his plans. As he recalls it himself: "The architects and builders searched their shelves, and the best bargain offered was a pro-Cathedral to cost about \$300,000. This in a parish with a normal income of about \$8,000 a year!"

Father Lonergan's parishioners are workers. They toil in the heat of the steel plants, or in the dripping



St. Paulinus Church, Clairton, Pa., built entirely by the parishioners themselves.

Rebellion in Stone

The Story of a Modern Venture in Architecture,
Expressive of Popular Faith and Devotion

By JOSEPH A. BREIG

darkness of the coal mines, or in the bustle of factory offices. They earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, and there isn't much cake. Certainly there wasn't any money for architectural gingerbread.

So when Father Lonergan looked upon his \$300,000 design, he looked upon chaos. He began to think. He was assailed, as he expresses it now, by a sinful doubt. The experts had lectured him gravely about bad architecture. But he asked himself: Is architecture the art of building for man, or is man a creature to be offered as a holocaust to a Moloch called architecture?

He wrestled with the tempter who

insisted upon whispering, "If poor people can't buy a church, why not build one? Can't God be honored other than by piling up an enormous debt?"

So Father Lonergan rebelled. He took down his copy of Henry Adams' *Mont St. Michel and Chartres*, and was comforted. He read there how the sanctuary dedicated to the Virgin had been destroyed by fire; how the news had spread through France; how in Orléans, in Normandy, in Brittany, the people had stopped their work, and how whole populations had swarmed without warning upon Chartres.

He read how the monks had or-

ganized this army; how the nobles had harnessed themselves with the peasants to drag the trucks while patrician dames had vied with the low born to mix the mortar; how no man had touched hand to material without confessing his sins and making peace with his enemies, and how miracles had healed the sick while the able reared heavenward the grandest cathedral that ever praised God.

FATHER LONERGAN sharpened his pencil. He wanted to seat one thousand worshippers. He knew that the law allowed seven from each aisle. With three aisles, he could seat 28 across . . . and that became the width of his church. The length was simplicity itself—leg room for 28 persons, divided into 1,000, plus sanctuary, vestibule and forecourt.

The foundations were easy enough. Boys and men labored together, and a non-Catholic neighbor took charge of the ducts for heating and cooling, directing the laying of 100,000 bricks, bought from a wrecked building and cleaned by schoolboys.

There was no preliminary meeting; no pep talks. Father Lonergan just started to work. As the news spread around, more workers came. Many brought word of bridges being rebuilt, culverts being replaced.

Two WPA workers owned a battered truck. They toured the district, begging cast-off stone from contractors. Rocks weighing tons were moved by the muscles of coal miners and the ingenuity of high school boys.

Before building the walls, Father Lonergan and his helpers studied pictures of Mont St. Michel, reasoning that wisely might they copy the work that had been done with primitive tools in the eleventh century. The walls of St. Paulinus are the walls of Mont St. Michel.

A parishioner in the engineering department of Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation designed the steel-trussed roof. Spanish tile, second-hand, was bought at sheriff-sale price. Slate for the floor was purchased from a man who had stocked his stone in the depression, and was willing to sell for a song.

The largest slate floor ever laid is in the University of Pittsburgh's skyscraper building, the "Cathedral of Learning." It is 15,000 square feet. The floor of St. Paulinus, laid for a sum not even remotely comparable, contains 9,000 square feet.

The baptistry was situated in a round room off the gospel side of the church, with wrought iron gates and three steps down, symbolic of mankind descending into the waters

of salvation. While the baptistry was under construction, the workers decided that they wanted a bell-tower.

So Father Lonergan assembled pictures of the walled town of Carcassonne in France, and told his helpers to make the baptistry higher. As the work went on, they stood back at intervals and compared their tower with those of Carcassonne. When the comparison pleased, the roof went on, and the bell-tower was done.

When the church had been roofed, electric saws were installed. On these, the pews were cut out in mass-production fashion from second-hand lumber. Women of the parish, a hundred strong, with their own brushes, painted the pews.

For the Communion rail, Father Lonergan invented his own design, symbolic of two central mysteries of Christianity. For the Trinity, the circle; for the Incarnation, the fish, symbol of Christ since His first hunted followers used it for a password because the Greek word for fish contained the initial letters of the sentence, "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour."

So simple is the design that it was cut with a saw, from walnut chopped down in a forest where the sturdy pastor had often gone fox-hunting. The finishing was done by a parishioner who confessed that it was his first experience with a wood chisel. The painting was done by his son.

FOR THE CIBORIUM sheltering the altar, Father Lonergan begged pitmans from abandoned river steamers. Pitmans are white pine timbers that drive stern-wheels, and they proved ideal for the piers of the ciborium. Two 15-year-old boys "carved" them with saws, using a recently developed cut which permits almost infinite variety. Liturgical decorations were copied from much-enlarged photographs of Byzantine designs in the Cathedral of Monreale at Palermo, Sicily.

There were no interruptions in the work. Miners and steelmen work in shifts, and all day long, every day except Sundays for 18 months, somebody was free to labor at the church. From breakfast until dusk, Father Lonergan was there. Some of the most effective work was done by high school boys in their hours away from classes.

The altar frontal and the tabernacle veil were embroidered by the women, working in relays. On the frontal alone they spent 2,000 hours of tedious toil, exhausting 1,000 skeins of golden silk.

Glass was a problem indeed. But it was solved by the enthusiastic interest of Ade Bethune, the Belgian-American girl whose genius, expressing itself in a dozen forms of Catholic art, is so beloved to those who see her woodcuts frequently in the *Catholic Worker*.

This young granddaughter of a one-time Chief Justice of Belgium designed the windows, and labored over a bubbling pot to make the jeweled glass with her own hands in a factory that lent its facilities.

Like others who poured their love into the building, Ade Bethune gave of herself unselfishly. She carved wooden crucifixes, powerful in their simplicity, of Christ the King, the Priest, the Victim. She painted the Stations of the Cross by an Egyptian process that makes them luminous in the dusk. And she promised eight statues for the narthex screen, as well as paintings for the sanctuary.

SEEN from without, the Church of St. Paulinus is as plain as a barn. Its charm is chiefly interior and, like that of a man in the state of grace, to some extent dependent upon the understanding of the beholder. But everywhere, the building is genuine. There isn't an inch of plaster, nor a foot of painted glass. Every stick and stone is honest, every buttress and arch functional. The church is as durable as rock, and as admirable as honest toil. And it expresses the people it serves.

Liturgically, there can be no objections. Even the Porches of the Temple are there, and the confessionals are where they belong, in the Court of the Penitents, just inside the Forecourt. Every detail is reminiscent of the divine architecture of Jerusalem. The cost was \$35,000, and every cent is paid. Adjoining the church is a parish house, built of the same timeless stone by the same tireless hands.

The architecture, says the pastor with a smile, is "industrial-economic." And safe, he might have added, for nobody was hurt, although on one occasion a wheelbarrow full of heavy stone tipped over on a runway above a girl taking pictures. The rocks rained around her, but not one touched her.

As for the rest, let Father Lonergan speak: "Boys and men who had not attended Mass for years have been most interested in building the church. How can they stay away from it now? Non-Catholic neighbors have watched the building of confessionals from the first stick to the last. We have what we want, what we think the Church wants, and we hope what God wants."

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Above: General Franco and the General Staff visit the front on an inspection tour. Left: Spanish children saluting a poster with a photograph of Franco.

My Side of Hell

By NENA BELMONTE

The Author, Who Spent Nearly a Year Reporting at the War Fronts in Spain, Concludes in This Article the Account of Her Experiences

EDITOR'S NOTE: "My Side of Hell" is the conclusion of the "Journal of a War Correspondent," begun in last month's issue.

SEARCHLIGHTS pierced the darkness of the night looking for enemy airplanes. Our car moved slowly now. The road was broken up here and there—bridges blown up, shell holes all over. Villages, completely destroyed, empty. We were getting nearer and nearer the Madrid front, and we were facing war in earnest.

There were four of us in the car—four girls. Suddenly the headlights showed us a group of soldiers, guns pointed at us. Red? White? We didn't know as yet. It was so easy to cross over to enemy territory in this maze

of back roads. We carried no other weapon than our smiles, and feminine above all, we used them.

The car came to a stop. The soldiers approached. We turned on the lights inside and smiled brightly. "Arriba España!" said one of the soldiers. And our smiles became brighter. They were our own soldiers. "Arriba España!" we answered. "Documents?" we were asked. We handed over our passes. They looked them over. "Fine. You may go on. But aren't you afraid of traveling alone?" We laughed. "Afraid of what? The Reds? They'd never get us."

We explained that we were hungry. The soldiers obligingly took us to a deserted farm house. "Anything you find in there," they said, "is yours."

We began the search with great luck! Ham, sardines, bread, eggs. What a great dinner! We cooked it ourselves, and it tasted delicious. One of the girls ventured into the darkness of the poultry yard. Suddenly we heard her scream in horror. We all stood up—the soldiers with their guns ready. We rushed to our companion—pale, upset. "There . . . there . . ." she managed to say—"a mouse!" Ah, the contrasts of war! Fearless of bullets, horrified by a mouse! True femininity, indeed!

In the very near distance loomed the shadow of Madrid. Utter silence, broken only once in awhile by the sharp noise of a rifle shot. From Leganos I had approached our first-line trenches. Soldiers not on duty



were resting for the night. An officer showed me his dug-out. To get in one had to crawl. A mattress and a blanket were its only furnishings. "A palace," he called it. "Splendid quarters," his comrades commented. We stayed there for awhile. Only a short distance away—a few hundred yards, to be exact—were the Red trenches.

Suddenly I heard one of our soldiers calling to the enemy: "Anyone there got a bottle of brandy?" "Why do you ask?" was the reply. "Because I have one of anisado and I'd like to exchange it," retorted our man. A few moments of silence. Undoubtedly the Reds were deliberating. "O.K. It's a deal," they finally said. "Come over with yours and we'll do the exchanging here."

I thought our soldier was out of his mind. He was climbing out of our trench and walking straight to the enemy lines. I expected machine guns to start rattling and to see him fall. But, no. The darkness of the night swallowed him, without a shot being fired. Five, ten, fifteen minutes. Finally he came back—a bottle of brandy under his arm. He got into the trench again, opened the bottle, and, pouring out a drink, offered it to me, saying: "Rather cold tonight, Señorita. This will do you good."

A few days later I witnessed a major battle at the Madrid front. The Reds did the attacking. Early dawn—heavy artillery fire, airplanes over our heads. What a thrilling spectacle is an air battle! Up, down, and over. A bit of smoke—then flames, enveloping flames. A plane came down, a gigantic torch, while the Red pilot bailed out in his parachute. One, two, three, five, eight planes coming down, one after another. The Reds were suffering a serious aerial defeat at the hands of our pilots.

Then began the infantry attack. Machine guns and rifles ready in our trenches. Ahead a huge black human wave—hundreds, thousands of men, charging against us, shoulder to shoulder, bayonets shining. They were preceded by thirty or forty tanks.

ANTI-TANK guns began firing. One of the tanks came to a stop; it had been hit. Suddenly I saw a number of our soldiers rush toward the tanks—a bottle of gasoline in one hand, a grenade in the other. Some fell, as they ran, but others reached their objectives. They threw the gasoline bottles against the tanks, then followed with the grenades. A deafening roar—and five tanks set afire. Their occupants rushed out to escape from that hell of flames. Shooting met them on the outside.

Then, machine guns began mowing down the huge human wave. They fell by the hundreds, driven to sure death by merciless leaders. Groans, swearing, yelling—it can't possibly be described—a perfect hell on earth!

Then the counter-attack began. Our soldiers got out of the trenches; grenades, shells, bombs bursting—air and earth an imposing mass of fire. The enemy began to flee. Defeat, once more.

A militiaman stuck to his machine gun, firing steadily against our men. He was finally captured. When brought back to our lines, we discovered the prisoner to be a woman—a militiawoman, wearing blue overalls and a Russian cap with the Red star of the Soviet, and over it in white the hammer and sickle. She kept silent—defeated, but proud. Strange, the attitude of these Red women—giving up their most

Above: Nationalist soldiers advancing through a mountain pass in the Asturias. Much of the territory conquered was of this difficult nature.

Left: A poster exhibited in Red territory. It reads: "No more crosses."

Top: Artillery piece in position near Celleros. Notice crucifix attached to gun.

Middle: The author with Nationalist officers. General Mola, later killed in airplane accident, at the left.

Bottom: Loyalist armored car captured by Nationalists at Brunete sector of Madrid's front.

treasured feminine traits in order to kill mercilessly.

The battle over, we were faced with a no-man's land littered with corpses and the wounded. We gathered our own men. The Reds made no effort to get theirs. The scorching morning sun gave the scene a more ghastly appearance. A legionnaire shouted to them: "Can't you bury your dead?" Silence was the only reply. "All right, then, we shall do it ourselves."

OUT of the trench climbed the legionnaire. A few comrades followed him. They began digging the ground and burying dead militiamen. Not a shot was fired. Finally a few Red soldiers came out of their trenches and in silence began to help the legionnaires. Heads bowed, they worked without saying a word, hour after hour. Finally, the burial finished, the legionnaires took off their helmets and in loud voices said a prayer for the dead. The enemy kept complete silence.

That night we heard someone approaching our trench. "Alto!" shouted our guard. The reply, "Long live Spain!" came back in a hoarse, sobbing voice. Down into the trench stumbled a Red militiaman. "I can't stand it any more!" he said, tears rolling down his sunburned cheeks. "They fooled me—they deceived me. My son died there today—and you, you said a prayer for him!"

That Red militiaman is today one of our best legionnaires.

Reaching Pozuelo I was faced with a heart-breaking spectacle . . . a village which doesn't exist any more. War has treated Pozuelo cruelly—it is only a heap of ruins rising as a gaunt memorial of the fierce fighting that took place there. Sitting on a low chair before the ruins of what was once a house was a little woman of about seventy-five. She was knitting, her eyes looking longingly towards Madrid.

"Hello, mother," I said. "What are you doing here? It's rather dangerous, you know."

She smiled sweetly. "I know," she replied, "but it can't be helped. This"—and she pointed at the ruins—"was my home. I had two sons. They were taken away prisoners when the Reds left. I don't know whether they're dead or alive, but if they live I know they'll come to me and our home. I have to wait for them here." She smiled again.

"But, you can't live in this place!" I retorted. The little woman answered: "I don't live here, but at a village four miles from here. I walk over in the morning, then I go back at night. It is a little tiresome, yes—but, they're my sons. I've got to wait for them!" Resignedly, she dried a tear, took a deep breath, and resumed her knitting.

Late in the night we were gathered, eight of us, in what was left of a once luxurious summer villa. The drawing room had been ransacked, but there were still a few chairs left and a piano. An officer played it—a great musician. We were tired, needed relaxation for over-strained nerves. His soft playing was restful—soothing. The moon shone brightly over a sky without clouds.

Suddenly there was heard a dull roar of airplane



motors. "An air raid!" someone said. But no one moved. What for? If we were doomed, nothing in the world could save us. If we weren't . . . well, we'd live through it!

The player kept on with Schubert's *Serenade*. The house shook to its foundations—once, twice, three, ten times. From outside came yells of horror, shrieks of pain. We stayed right where we were, listening to the music, trying to forget that death was taking its toll right near us—trying to forget that any second we might become part of that toll.

FINALLY, the sound of motors faded in the distance. "It's over," someone commented. The piano player finished Schubert's *Serenade*. A few moments of silence. "May they rest in peace!" an officer said. We stood for a moment, heads bowed, saying a prayer for those gone. And then the player resumed his playing—Sibelius' *Vals Triste*. . . .

I had to leave for the North. Activities there were very great. Our armies were steadily advancing towards Bilbao. A last glance at Madrid—a farewell to friends whom I might never see again. It's so easy to die at the battle-front! Then, nearly a thousand kilometers' drive to my new post . . . sleeping in the car, rolled up in blankets . . . stopping a few times here and there to drink coffee and eat something. Burgos, Valladolid, Vitoria . . . No sign of war here. Again we were crossing the Nationalist rearguard, and again I was getting the same impression of utter normality—as if awakening from a nightmare to everyday life.

And, then, the Northern battle-fronts. . . .

A dark gray sky. It looked rainy and stormy. Yet war didn't stop. Our route took us through places full of horror and destruction. At Guernica, the spectacle facing us was overwhelming. Guernica was—it isn't any more. At Eibar, we found the marks of fire; at Durango the touch of war—the "Verdun of the Northern Front" soldiers called it. At Guernica we found huge heaps of ruins caused by dynamite explosions. Looking among the ruins I found parts of the electric wires used to connect the mines.

At a nearby farm I found a nun. She was a Mercedaria, and for thirty-five years had lived in a convent in Guernica. An old woman now, sad and depressed, she looked longingly at the place which for so many years had been her shelter. She said: "It was horrible! One explosion following another. We hardly had time to get out before our convent was

blown up and set afire. We feared that end. Often they had said that rather than surrender the city to the Nationalists they would destroy it. They've kept their word!"

Further down the street, next to another heap of ruins, I found a little girl looking for something. A woman, sitting on a stone nearby, looked sadly at the child. I approached them. "What are you looking for?" I inquired of the child. She replied, tears in her eyes: "My doll. It was at home, and then there wasn't any home any more!" She resumed her hopeless search.

Suddenly I heard a whistle by now familiar. It was coming, I knew, and coming to where we were! "Down!" I shouted to the child. "Throw yourself down!" She looked in surprise at me as I fell flat on the ground. The next moment there was a deafening roar. I took a deep breath. Thank God I was untouched. But, the child. . . .! The shell had exploded near enough for a piece of shrapnel to strike her head. And there she was, dead—blood covering her face, her eyes wide open as if in surprise, as if asking: "Why, why me?" The poor mother was stunned. She couldn't believe it. "It isn't possible," she kept on saying. "It can't be!" As people ran toward the spot anxious to help, she burst out laughing hysterically. One of our soldiers, his hand bleeding where the shrapnel had hit him too, looked in rage at the enemy front and exclaimed: "You murderers! Haven't you done enough harm yet?"

Explosions followed each other in rapid succession. The battle had started. I was due at the Command Post. I leaned over and kissed that poor child's forehead. Then I went off to work.

A LONG the road as we neared our destination the Nationalist guns were shooting against enemy positions, paving the way for the infantry. Twenty batteries, all shooting at once. I feared my ears would burst. We climbed a hill from which we could watch the action. Shells flew over our heads. Their whistle was nerve-racking. Finally the top, and there a trench. We got into it. Machine gun and rifle fire ahead. Artillery behind. "It might be quite dangerous here"—the Commander said—"A premature explosion of our own shells, or the enemy's, perhaps . . ." I just didn't care. The spectacle before our eyes was something never to be forgotten. A valley—the green of the leaves, the red and white of the farms. And beyond, Mugica, looking like a toy village in the distance. The enemy still held it. Beyond it, a

little to one side, the Vizcarri Mountains.

The infantry moved ahead slowly. There were two thousand men in the centre column. Their efforts were directed at Mugica. As they approached, the firing became intense. Suddenly, four huge columns of smoke rose towards the sky and flames shot up from all quarters. We knew then that the enemy had left the village and were retiring to other positions. They always did the same.

Through flames and smoke went the two thousand men—the flag ahead. We saw them for a moment climbing the slopes of the mountain. Then they disappeared. It seemed impossible that two thousand men should fade into nothing! And yet they were gone! We knew, however, that they were there. Invisible but active. Machine gun and rifle fire told us that the battle was continued. And then, all of a sudden, when we least expected it, on a mountain peak right before our eyes was the flag of Spain! What a roar of enthusiasm in that Command Post! Victory—victory again!

GENERAL MOLA, the General in command of Northern armies, smiled. "The war is already won," he replied in answer to my question. "True, the enemy, following Russian tactics, destroys everything before giving up. But we shall rebuild. We shall work harder and amuse ourselves less—but we shall reconstruct the New Spain. The prize is well worth the sacrifices that it will demand."

"But how can you say you're going to work harder than you're working now?" I questioned. "That's impossible!"

General Mola—tall, virile, charming, smiled again.

"There's nothing impossible in life. Very difficult, yes, but not impossible. I love work. I've worked always—since I was a child. And, working for my country is the greatest pleasure I could dream of. Sacrifices, troubles, worries—what does it all matter if we do it for Spain? Look at our soldiers—young, enthusiastic, courageous. They offer their country what youth considers most valuable—their lives. They have a magnificent spirit. Even when they're wounded they refuse to give up. Sometimes we have to force them to the field Red Cross bases to get medical aid."

"That's your own work," I replied. "You have made these magnificent soldiers."

"Oh, no!" General Mola replied quickly. "It's their love of Spain that makes them iron soldiers of whom

we can be proud—iron soldiers who can be defeated only by death."

He paused for a moment, as if deep in thought, and then he added: "I've always liked writing. I've done quite a bit of it, to be sure. Perhaps I'm not so bad. In past years I have had some success in my literary efforts. Well, the one great illusion I have is to write about these iron soldiers when the war is over, to tell the world of their courage and heroism, of their enthusiasm and their patriotism, of their faith and their love for Spain. They deserve to be remembered, and I'd feel so much at home writing about them!"

General Emilio Mola never lived to carry out his great ambition. He who had been spared by bullets and shells and bombs in countless battles met with instant death when flying over the rearward on a foggy day. That day Spain lost a great general and a great patriot. His memory remains alive in the minds of these soldiers he loved so dearly.

On our way back to headquarters and telephones to send in our accounts of the day's action, passing in front of the batteries, I saw the soldiers at rest, smiling happily. A sergeant picked a rose from a nearby bush and gave it to me saying: "Keep it, Señorita, in memory of another day of glory for Spain!"

Back on the road. At the first-aid station ambulances were arriving with the wounded. There were young, pretty nurses. Pain and anguish showed on the face of a soldier about to die. "Feeling all right?" I asked. With true Spanish gallantry he smiled a weak smile and replied: "Now that I've seen you, much better!" He was dead a few moments later.

A SERGEANT, his legs blown off, was telling his captain not to bother about him, but to remember the name of a soldier, Juan Garcia, who had fought bravely. "He must be rewarded," the sergeant insisted. "He has behaved most bravely. Please, Captain, don't forget his name—Juan . . . Garcia . . .!"

And there was a boy, hardly seventeen, who, dirty and tired, but happy, approached and said: "Please take a picture of me now and send it to my sweetheart. I want her to see me victorious!"

The High Command stopped at the Carmelite Church. All knelt devoutly on the floor. The Rosary was said. This spectacle was moving—even more than the battle itself. Soldiers—brave, courageous men—offering thanks to their Lord. . . .

Later in the evening, in Vitoria

at the General's Headquarters we all drank a glass of sherry to the victorious armies. All were tired and dirty after a day of fighting, but there was enthusiasm, gaiety, confidence, as we raised our glasses and drank the toast: "To Spain—One, Great and Free!"

* * *

One day we took a "war tourist" to the front. We had to cross a road under enemy machine gun fire. It was rather dangerous, but part of the game. The distance to be covered was about a quarter of a mile. We crawled along slowly. Suddenly bullets spattered all around us. We threw ourselves into a ditch. There was nothing to do but wait until the "rain" was over.

Our "tourist" friend didn't agree. The distance was short—perhaps he could outrun the bullets. In spite of



Sixteenth-Century church in Badajoz Province, destroyed and profaned by the Reds

our yelling to him, he began to run, and what was expected happened. He fell suddenly and lay quiet. "Dead," we thought. "Too bad, but it's his own fault." When finally we were able to reach his side, we gathered the "body" and took it along. It came back to life quickly enough. There was not a scratch on him. It was just a plain case of fainting, due to overwhelming fear. We never were able to get him near the front again!

The taking of Bilbao was some-

thing never to be forgotten. As we approached the Basque capital on that day, we found the roads jammed with hundreds of peasants returning to their homes. They could resume their work and normal living, as the Reds had gone. At a farm I found a typical Basque peasant, looking sadly at two little pigs that were just skin and bones. They were starved, the peasant explained. The Reds wanted to confiscate them, months before. In order to save them he had buried the animals alive, and had left a little hole through which they could breathe and eat the little food he could give them. They were rather thin now, but—he added smiling—they'll soon get fat again.

OUR CAR broke down as we reached Bilbao, and we made the last laps on foot. The armies were entering the city at that moment. The people were cheering, embracing the soldiers, hysterical with happiness at being finally liberated. In the square, six battalions of "gudaris," Basque warriors, were formed and ready to surrender. What a moving spectacle! Splendid men, honest, sincere fighters. They surrendered with all due honors. At the end of two days twenty thousand of them had voluntarily surrendered to the Nationalist Armies.

Those first two days at Bilbao were unpleasant. The city had no water, as the Reds had destroyed the pipes. The only food left was beans. And for forty-eight hours, for breakfast, lunch and dinner, I had nothing but beans!

In contrast to Malaga, Bilbao was in rather good condition. Only the bridges had been blown up. Within a week it had recovered its normal aspect. People were coming out of their hiding-places, bands paraded through the streets, hotels opened their doors.

It was then that I got a three months' leave from work. I could go wherever I pleased. And, loving the United States, I decided to come here for a short visit. I am enjoying it here—friends, life, pleasure—no thought of war. And yet I am yearning to get back. The New Spain is awakening—youth is bringing about a rebirth. Before the spectacle of a country reviving all its ancient glories, the pleasures of everyday life seem utterly unimportant.

Shells, bullets, air raids, life, death, glory—and victory. May God give it to me to live through it and be able some day to see and to proclaim what youth has done to restore Spain to her ancient place of power and splendor.

The Modern Denial

In the Debate Between the Church and the Modern World on the Seen and the Unseen, Catholics Are Rationalists in the Best Sense of That Word

By HILAIRE BELLOC

THE quarrel between what is called the modern mind and the Catholic philosophy, that is the Faith, is the refusal by the former to accept the unseen or supernatural, while the latter affirms the reality of the supernatural and proclaims a particular form of it.

What are the causes of this great revolution in thought? How came that modern attitude—denial of the unseen world—to be so widespread and so convinced of itself?

Let us begin by remarking that inquiry into the causes of any great spiritual movement in society is not futile or waste of time. The consequences of such movements are indeed more important, and the full causes of any great spiritual movement can never be exhaustively known. On this account many would say today that the inquiry into causes is a vain expenditure of effort. "You will never," they tell us, "be fully certain of the causes, for they are too numerous and too obscure. What you have to consider is rather the *effects* of the change. That is the practical thing. In the same way, a man finding himself shot at has to take cover to discover the direction of his opponent and try to master his fire. That is the immediate and obvious thing to do: mere inquiry into *why* the attack began may be neglected until the practical task of defense has been undertaken, and perhaps even be neglected altogether." Such is the objection to considering the mere causes of this great modern opposition to religion.

Knowledge of Causes

BUT this conception that inquiry into causes is futile is a false idea. It is true that the causes of any social or spiritual movement can never be fully discovered, or every one of them put in its exact proportion—but that is no reason for neglecting the inquiry as a whole.

The practical value of such an inquiry lies in this: *that we do not really know the nature of a thing until we have grasped its main causes.* It is knowledge of the causes that illuminates and gives substance to the character of anything. Let us

then examine the causes of this very, very important new tendency of the modern mind—the refusal of the unseen.

I call it a "novel" tendency because our fathers had not, for the most part, any such spiritual experience. Some few men denied the supernatural in the past, but their numbers (and, for that matter, their influence) were not sufficient to affect our civilization as a whole. Those who today deny the supernatural altogether are not only present in great and increasing numbers, but are further of great and increasing spiritual effect. This is especially noticeable when we observe the attitude of the younger generation. For them more and more (outside the Catholic Church) the affirmation of the supernatural in any form grows meaningless and false.

The Modern Mind

THE DENIAL of this or that doctrine, even the denial of the whole Christian scheme, was not the same as a denial in principle of spiritual truths. The old-fashioned deist got rid of pretty well all supernatural truth except the existence of God, and that, as we know, may be called not a supernatural but a natural truth, for it is capable of demonstration. Even though he held with only one natural truth, there flowed from it at once and of necessity a number of propositions upon the supernatural. You could not affirm the existence of an omnipotent creative unseen power without admitting its presumable action beyond the narrow sphere of things seen and measurable. But the modern mind in its quarrel with our most ancient traditions and the most general of the truths constantly accepted by the mass of men allows of no spiritual predicate whatsoever. For it the unseen is not: and there is an end of it.

Let us begin with recognizing the important fact that this attitude of the modern mind is not the grasp of an acquired truth. It is not a complete and final philosophy. It is only a fashion: a habit engendered by a particular attitude of mind. The truths which the modern mind ad-

mits, fully based upon demonstrable proof, are truths indeed. Those material causes and effects which we can note and study by repeated experiment, which we can catalogue and calculate, are not illusions; they are facts.

The Catholic position is not a denial of those facts. It is a statement that they do not cover the whole field, and for that matter do not cover the only really important part of the field. The modern mind in its quarrel with the Faith makes, implicitly or openly, a definite doctrinal affirmation—the affirmation that nothing can be known save in that first form of natural knowledge based upon direct external experience.

It is this affirmation which the Catholic Church denies. Men are always confusing the two issues—the issue "whether the results of observation, and especially of physical observation and experiment, are true or untrue," and the quite different issue of "whether certitude arrived at in this fashion is the *only* form of certitude."

The Major Falsehood

LET us take it for granted, therefore, at the outset, that in our quarrel with the modern mind we are quarrelling with a philosophy which has its dogmas just as our philosophy has—a philosophy which, so far as it goes, is based upon truth, but a philosophy which is *imperfect*. Further, let us be quite clear on this—that the modern false philosophy comes through its imperfection to false conclusions because it includes a major falsehood upon which, implicitly or explicitly, it constantly relies. This major falsehood is that we can be certain only through demonstration, and that certitude upon things not demonstrable does not exist. It is the major falsehood that what you cannot appreciate by experience, is not.

The main causes of this new attitude challenging the whole spiritual life of man are twofold. They are of two kinds which may be called the negative and the positive.

The negative cause is to be found in the suspicion under which spirit-

ual affirmations fall—the suspicion under which fall affirmations upon the unseen through the obvious unreality of much so affirmed in the past. When the bulk of society accepts for centuries one main set of truths not demonstrable but accepted only on faith, the general certitude leads to a state of mind in which each part of the accepted philosophy supports and confirms the rest. But when doubts become common, when spiritual affirmations equally strong are made in opposition one to the other, men conclude that as most of the things thus affirmed *must* be false, therefore *all* may be false.

Particular Instances

FOR INSTANCE, to take a particular point, the Real Presence could not be both false and true. Reformers who denied the Real Presence denied it in various ways. One group said: "The Sacrament is only bread and wine; take it in a certain spirit and it has divine effect; when it is taken in that Spirit Christ is present in the elements."

Another group said: "Not at all. You are indeed right in saying that 'the elements remain and are nothing but bread and wine,' but you are wrong to add this imaginary rigmarole about a spiritual conception of Christ by those in the right mood. The Sacrament is no more than a memorial."

Another group said: "The elements remain bread and wine and yet are at the same time the Body and Blood of Christ."

The Church continued to affirm that the presence of Jesus Christ in the elements after the words of Consecration was real and *exclusive*, though the *appearances* of bread and wine remained.

When men heard these several views, each contradictory of all the others, they would say: "One of these views may be true, in which case all the others must be false, but since things false can be so firmly believed how can we tell that anything thus affirmed is true in this matter? The spiritual affirmation of the Zwinglian, the Lutheran, the Calvinist is dissipated by such doubts, just as much as is the Catholic. All that remains is the evidence of our senses. *That* tells us that bread and wine are present. To *that*, therefore, we can cling as a certain truth, and everything beside that is illusion and folly."

Or again—of the wider, vaguer and more universal human doctrine of immortality: one group affirms that the soul is of an immortal substance having previous existence before the

terrestrial life of the individual and continuing after his death—a permanent personality extending backward as well as forward, beyond the bounds of this life.

Another group will have it that the principle of life is handed on, but not that individual personality which alone would seem to give it value.

Another group will say that the vital principle continues but may be found in any number of future forms and that the soul of a man becomes the soul of an animal or what not.

Another group, confusing vast areas of human culture, will state that the personal soul carries on but only towards the ultimate goal of absorption in the divine, where all personal distinction is lost.

Meanwhile, alongside these various and mutually contradictory affirmations stands the precise Catholic affirmation that the individual soul is created at the first moment of our earthly existence and is endowed with personal individual immortality.

Now, a man hearing all these clashing and mutually exclusive affirmations may well say: "Any one of these statements *may* be true, in which case all the others are false. Since any one of them may be false, may not all be false? Of what are we quite certain? Only of this: that a man dies, and so far as any test applicable by our own senses is concerned, when he dies he ceases to be."

Add to all this that the expansion of our knowledge through travel and through research upon the past largely extends the field of doubt upon spiritual affirmation. It was bad enough when we found within our own civilization division of opinion on fundamental doctrines—but when we found that men had held every kind of opinion upon this matter of the soul in various ages and places, our sense that certitude upon it is impossible increased.

Causes of Denial

THE CHARACTER of this negative cause may be defined as follows:

Divisions of opinion within a society once united in spiritual affirmations weakened the authority of such affirmations. The further discovery of still wider divergence of judgment upon them among various races, cultures and epochs added indefinitely to the loss of certitude. In the end this expansion of knowledge, coupled with experience of divided opinions, makes us affirm that all such opinions are smoke. Any one or all of them can be denied. The only thing in their connection which

cannot be denied is the positive experience of our senses.

So much for what I have called the negative cause of the modern denial—the negative cause of that state of mind which refuses to accept any statement upon the unseen.

But the positive cause is, of course, of far more effect. That positive cause is the habit of mind produced by the practicing of physical science and the expansion thereof in our time.

The conclusions to which men have come upon the nature of the world have now for generations been based upon exact experimental knowledge. The more experiment has proceeded, the greater the harvest it has reaped. Discovery upon discovery has built up a vast fabric of ascertained physical truth. Measurement upon measurement, experiment upon experiment, comparison upon comparison, multiplied indefinitely and continued for now nearly four centuries of progress in these matters, have erected, *through association of ideas*, a habit of mind wholly absorbed in what is called the Scientific Method.

Physics and Metaphysics

NOT LONG after the beginning of this progress one of its leading spirits said: "After physical truth is discovered metaphysics ceases."

It is almost exactly the opposite of St. Anselm's predication when he said, speaking of the spiritual truths essential to the health of the soul and contrasting them with knowledge acquired by experiment—demonstrable physical knowledge—"*cetera fumus*"—"the rest is smoke." He further said in the same spirit of experiment in physical science: "On such toys I wasted my youth."

Add to this positive cause for the novel revolution the new anti-Catholic philosophy, the effect of a breakdown in a number of affirmations connected with faith in the unseen. The strength of the force at work then becomes apparent. Coincidentally with the vast expanse of physical science went the destruction of innumerable legends based upon insufficient evidence or warped tradition or mere imaginary tales. It is remarkable that the greatest havoc was done, not among Catholics who saw many of their loveliest legends exploded, but much more among those who had based their authority upon the Hebrew Scriptures.

The Catholic Church had never affirmed literal interpretation of the Bible as doctrine. It was her opponents who did that and who suffered the consequences. When we look around us today we find that the

His House

By MARY FABYAN WINDEATT

I have a body, it is true,
And it has done and it will do
Most of the things I ask it to.

And oh, it is a marvel that
It can grow lean and then grow fat,
Be menial or aristocrat,

Perambulate from place to place
Or skim the stratospheric space
With awe or boredom on its face!

But marvel more is this in me:
I may enfold the Trinity,
And not a church shall ever be

The equal of my constant shrine
That bread can build, and meat and wine,
As often as I care to dine.

For when I say my simple prayers,
God enters in where no man dares
And dwells both up and down the stairs.

For thus He loves, and so has planned,
And though I cannot understand,
I think it good of Him, and grand.

most violent and even fanatical defenders of the new anti-spiritual philosophy—which is really a materialist philosophy and nothing more—are those who were brought up in what is called “Bible Christianity.” They are secretly filled with a grievance. They were deceived in their innocent youth and bitterly resent it.

As against this hostile philosophy which denies the unseen and affirms certitude to be impossible save through the senses, experiments and measurements, we have upon our side an invincible weapon which it is our business to present continually against our opponents. It is this: that *their position is irrational*.

It is not irrational to deny a particular conclusion upon the unseen, but it is irrational to deny the possibility of certitude upon the unseen. No man can prove his faith. Could he do so it would not be faith. Moreover, a man's faith is often false. Men may and do firmly believe things false.

But the conclusion that “therefore all spiritual certitude must be false” is wretchedly bad logic.

There is only one apparent answer to this invincible reply of the Catholic when he points out that the affirmation of his opponent is irrational. That reply is to deny the value of the human reason. In this reply the modern opponent of spiritual truth has taken refuge. The counter reply at once arises: “How, then, do you come to any conclusions at all?”

A man who denies the possibility of certitude upon things unseen uses

deduction and *a priori* reasoning all the time. He could not make his denial without the use of that very reason which he impugns. The only point here in which he differs from us is that we *know* we are reasoning and he does *not* know he is reasoning. We admit the use of the reason. He thinks he can neglect it.

Illogical Reasoning

THUS, he will affirm, *a priori*, that any recital containing a marvel is a falsehood due to deliberate invention or to error through the lapse of time. He will arrive by measurement and observation at a general law and then will deny all exceptions to that law. When those exceptions are so impressed upon him by observation and counter-experiment, so that he cannot deny them, he turns around, admits their reality but tells us that they belong to some other series on which he can predicate *a priori* later on if we will give him time.

He will affirm a mere mechanical development in nature, void of design. When glaring proofs of design are brought forward he will deny them as long as he can. When he can deny them no longer he will diligently seek for some new chance for *a priori* reasoning by which he can attach these conceptions to his doctrine.

In other words, the whole position is this. We depend upon the validity of the human reason not for the proof that our affirmations upon the unseen are true, but for the state-

ment that they are not irrational. He denies our statements, not by experiment, but either by a mere irrational affirmation in his own certitude of their falsehood or by refusing to consider them.

In the great debate which is now opening all over the world, it is we who are the modern rationalists. We have turned the tables in the last two generations upon our enemies. They can only continue in their opposition by refusing to accept the validity of that very rational process upon which they had hitherto based their confidence of victory. The time may not be very far distant when the term “rationalist” will be used in contempt of a Christian just as the Christian a little while ago used it too hastily in contempt of those who denied revelation.

But if these be the causes of the new false philosophy, there remains the more important consequences of it. The consequences of this new philosophy which denies spiritual truth altogether and will have it that all affirmation on the unseen is an illusion or meaningless, are already apparent. They will increase, they will have profound far-reaching effects upon society.

To these consequences we will next turn. It is the most practical issue of our time; for the coming results of the new materialism will and must affect the whole of human society. They are already beginning to produce a disastrous revolution in habit and morals, as contemporary evidence so abundantly proves.

THE PROPERTY KNOWN AS



TRAPPIT'S. BY ENID. DINNIS.

WHEN the large, industrially prosperous town of Longhampton began to straggle out and form for itself suburbs for the well-to-do townsmen to sleep and keep their families in, many ancient landmarks disappeared. Villadom thickened its belt until the houses reached right out to Thistledown Heath. The speculative builder was out to do his worst, so it seemed. Thistledown Heath had been made historic by the exploits of Wild Jack, the famous highwayman. It was a locality eminently suited for development.

On the border of the Heath, Thistledown Hall stood in the centre of a neglected garden, dreaming perchance of Queen Victoria and good Prince Albert. Near it, on the roadside, a row of ancient cottages spoke of an even earlier period. They might even have told you that Queen Anne was dead. Detached from them, most ancient of all, standing by itself, though scarcely more imposing, was a mean little dwelling-house, its front window filled with samples of tobacco and confectionery. Under the name—Trappits (the apostrophe was implied, as is the case with some other stores large enough to know

better) "Minerals" were given publicity, but Trappit's did not run to "Teas."

It was to this corner of Thistledown Heath that Mr. Cornelius T. Cunningham came prospecting one afternoon. Few people were simple enough to believe that Cornelius T. had been born Cunningham, although it was possible that he had been cradled under the name of Cornelius. There was a joke in the profession that the "T" stood for "Tank," owing to Cornelius Cunningham's stubborn method of overcoming obstacles at an unperturbed pace, as the poet has it. He was a highly successful speculative builder. Many a garden suburb owed its existence to the "vision" of Cornelius Cunningham. He had a genius for visualizing the possibilities of a spot, whatever its present state, and in due course of converting it into something desirable, distinguished or exceptional, harmonizing nature with bricks and mortar and a rural atmosphere with all the modern conveniences.

On that same historic afternoon old Mr. Joseph Trappit was seated as usual in his shop. Trappit's was represented exclusively by old Mr.

Joseph. He was the last of a long line. His wife had gone before him (God rest her soul) and his children likewise. A good woman from one of the cottages came in and looked after him.

Mr. Trappit was feeling suspicious. He had caught sight of a big yellow car pulled up nearby and he felt certain that its owner was up to no good. Those were the kind of folk who spoiled the countryside by building up big houses and destroying the old traditions. They were the kind who squeezed whole villages out of existence by populating them with townfolk who filched the cottages from the villagers and turned them into week-end homes for themselves.

Joe Trappit experienced a feeling of distinct relief when at length the yellow car moved on.

As for the owner of the car, he was enraptured. Never had Cornelius Cunningham seen a building-site which was more eligible in the most exacting sense of the word. The situation was perfect. It was a well-wooded spot with an unmatched outlook across the Heath. The Hall and cottages were details that barely invited

attention. The latter could be swept away as easily as a heap of stones by the roadside. They could hardly be said to exist for the man who kept a cohort of housebreakers in perpetual employment.

Cornelius T. Cunningham made some calculations and a number of notes. There was no time to be lost. He was not in the habit of letting the grass grow under his feet, in spite of his fancy for garden suburbs. He made haste to seek out the person most likely to be able to put him wise about the purchase of what he had already named "the Thistledown Hall Estate." Thistledown Hall was not actually up for sale, but Cornelius had not made his pile by sticking at the few thousands that could tempt an occupier to part with his residence when occasion arose.

The property agent held out good hopes to the would-be purchaser. The present owner of Thistledown Hall could no doubt be persuaded to sell it for a reasonable figure. The row of cottages would present no obstacle. There might perhaps be some trouble with the property known as "Trappit's." The agent explained this to Cornelius Cunningham. Joseph Trappit held the freehold and it had been in his family for generations past. "Naturally," the informant said, "he is very attached to the place and it may be difficult to get a move on him."

"Oh, we'll soon manage that," Cornelius Cunningham said. "I can offer him a good round sum."

THE other looked dubious. "The Trappits are a stubborn lot," he commented. "They are Romanists, and they kept to the old religion right through the days when things were made pretty hot for them."

"Ah, well, the Syndicate will see to that," Cornelius said. "I never knew a man yet who said 'no' to good money."

It was not long after that that a rumor went abroad that Thistledown Hall had been sold to a syndicate which was out to develop the corner of Thistledown Heath where it stood. A charming rural cluster of modern residences was to rise up in its place and along the road frontage. In the course of time its occupants vacated the Hall, the shutters were closed like the eyes of a dead man and demolition set in. The row of cottages on the roadside next to Trappit's likewise gave up their inmates and meekly awaited the ax of the housebreaker.

Young Father Peterkyn, the priest at the Catholic church which stood in the fields half-way along the road to Longhampton, a survival of the

old, hard times when Catholics placed their churches in shy corners, dropped in one day to see Joseph Trappit and hear what he thought of the changes.

"Seems I'm going to keep genteel company," old Joe told him, with a chuckle. "Maybe," he added, "some of them will be Catholics and help a bit with the church. Belike you'll be getting something towards your new altar."

THE new sanctuary decoration was the fond dream of Father Peterkyn. He longed to make the sanctuary worthy of the One who dwelt there. It was a dream that held no promise of fulfillment. Young Father Peterkyn's eyes glistered at the mere suggestion. Then he shook his head. "You'll be getting customers for your goods," he said. "Pagans buy tobacco and Protestants drink minerals—that's to say if you aren't going to be persuaded to sell Trappit's."

"Sell Trappit's?" Joe repeated. "Not me!"

"It is a jolly old place," the young priest agreed. "Is it true that Wild Jack, the highwayman, used to hide here? Was he a relation of yours, by the way? Some one said Trappit was one of his names."

Mr. Joseph Trappit passed over the question which implied a blot on the Trappit escutcheon. "I wish there might be some rich Catholics coming this way," he repeated, "to help you to get your new altar." Joe Trappit had a very soft corner in his heart for the young priest who poured out his enthusiasms in his little back parlor almost as though he had been his own son.

"Thanks, Joe," Father Peterkyn said. "You are very patient with my habit of crying for the moon."

"If I was one of them airmen I'd get it down for you," was Joe's response.

A few days later Mr. Trappit was sitting as usual in his tiny shop when the big yellow car appeared on the scene for the second time. A customer alighted and entered the shop. He could hardly be in search of cigarettes, for he was smoking a fat cigar.

The visitor got to business at once. Cornelius Cunningham had, as a matter of fact, overlooked the property known as "Trappit's" up till now. It still stood in the centre of the strip of land upon which the new houses were springing up—an unsightly interpolation in the architectural scheme. "I've come to make you an offer for this property," he told the man behind the counter.

The unemotional countenance of

Joseph Trappit remained unchanged.

"It's not for sale," he said.

Cornelius T. was prepared for the answer. Of course compensation would come into it. This old fellow was probably no fool.

"What would you be willing to take for it?" he asked, "supposing I persuaded you to part with it."

"It's not for sale," Joe Trappit repeated. "I won't take nothing for it."

The other smiled widely, keeping his cigar in the middle of the smile. "Of course I won't offer you nothing for it," he said. "What do you say to—" he named a sum that should have taken the breath out of the body of the likes of Joe Trappit.

But Joe stood there in his setting of minute merchandise, lord of the soil on which he was standing, the soil which accommodated the property known as "Trappit's."

"Trappit's has been in my family for over three hundred years," he said, "and it's not for sale."

Cornelius removed the cigar from his mouth. "But you can't refuse an offer off-hand like this," he protested. "Your relatives may have something to say about it."

"I've not got any relatives," Joe replied. "I'm an old man and they've all gone to Heaven before me. Trappit's 'ull go under the hammer when I die but not before."

So this was the stubbornness that he had been warned of. This Trappit family certainly had contrariness in its blood!

For the moment Cornelius T. Cunningham was nonplussed. The tank so far had not rolled over Trappit's. But no matter, it had never been known to fail yet.

THE first person to whom Joe recounted the story of the visit happened to be Bob Jeffers. Mr. Jeffers had come to be a big bug since the days when he had served Mass as a tiny boy up at the church. He had gained scholarships and gone to college and become a great man on architecture and archeology and history and what not. He returned to visit his family periodically and never omitted to pay a call on Joe Trappit and invest largely in cigarettes. They were great friends.

"Well done, Joe," Bob Jeffers said. "You stick to your property. Why, it's got a history, hasn't it? Wasn't Wild Jack, the highwayman, copped here and taken out and hanged on the heath?"

"It's an old place," Joe said. "There's priests that have hidden here in their time." (Why was it so hard for an exemplary family like the Trappits to live down the one

scandal in their otherwise unblemished past?) "I can remember it," he went on, "when I was a tiny lad. It had a thatch on it then and there were latticed casements in the windows—my grandfather put in the sashes and the grate on the parlor hearth. He got the slates on the roof too. Trappit's was a real picture in the old days." The speaker fetched up a sigh.

"It must have been," Bob agreed. "You stick to it, Joe."

When Father Peterkyn heard of the offer he was plainly impressed. "Phew!" was his comment. "Why you'd be rolling in wealth, Joe! You'd be giving us a new church, or a new sanctuary, anyway." Then Father Peterkyn changed the subject hastily, for he had only been joking, of course, and old Trappit might be taking him seriously.

Father Peterkyn went home with his peppermints. Joe Trappit sat behind his counter and employed himself in trying to banish the disquieting thought which had arisen in his mind. He wished that the Father hadn't said that about a new sanctuary. He, Joe, had told Mr. Bob that he was a simple man and that he had no use for money. He had been quite a bit proud of it, as a matter of fact. But here was a use for the money which had not occurred to him.

It was a week later that Father Peterkyn was sitting in his room in the shabby little Presbytery studying a booklet issued by a firm of ecclesiastical decorators. It brought the water to his mouth. Bob Jeffers had sent it along to call his attention to one particularly beautiful design, the work of an artist of coming fame. His housekeeper popped her head in and informed him that Mr. Trappit wanted to speak to him.

Joe Trappit. What could he be wanting? Joe was shown in.

There was rather a limp and bedraggled look about old Joe. He was not one to be getting into mischief, but he certainly did look a bit unlike himself.

"Well, Joe, and what can I be doing for you?" the Father asked. He noted that Joe was trembling all over.

Joe took a gulp and blurted his business out.

"I've sold Trappit's," he said.

"Sold Trappit's!" the priest echoed. "Why, I thought that you had refused the offer."

"No," was the reply, "I thought better of it." He fumbled in his coat-pocket and produced a bundle of bank-notes. He handed them to Father Peterkyn. "Here's three hun-



Joe stood there dazed. No dream had ever been as real as this

dred pound for the new sanctuary."

It was the most shame-faced benefactor that had ever handed over a benefaction.

"But—my dear fellow! I never dreamt of this. I can't take it." Father Peterkyn hardly knew how to express himself.

"But you must," the old man cried in alarm. "I've sold Trappit's, and it's all signed and settled; and that's why I've done it." The tears forced themselves into his eyes. "I've sold Trappit's," he repeated.

The Father found a chair for the old man, and he sank into it and wept unrestrainedly.

The Chairman of the Syndicate gave a little chuckle when the acceptance of the offer for "Trappit's" came to hand.

"I never knew a man to refuse good money yet," Mr. Cornelius Cunningham said.

To the rest of the world it seemed reasonable enough that old Mr. Trappit should have closed with the amazingly good offer that he had

received for the ramshackle old house. The getting out was a painful business. Joe held up as long as he could, then collapsed. It fell to his friends to find him a place to go to. There was plenty of money to his credit in the bank. Enough to purchase a comfortable annuity. Father Peterkyn saw to that arrangement. He likewise found a couple of comfortable rooms for Mr. Trappit in one of the new streets outside Longhampton. As clean as a new pin, they were. Running hot water and a bathroom, and all the modern conveniences. Joe's old sticks were stacked up in a warehouse for the time being, the present arrangement being a temporary one.

The architectural conception which was springing up from the ruins of Thistledown Hall and the adjacent acres was to Mr. Cornelius Cunningham as the apple of his eye. The sooner the old Trappit's place came down the better. It stood there, an eyesore, right in the centre of the budding scheme. He had heard

that a certain Mr. Robert Jeffers, a big man in the architectural line, with a useful knowledge of certain psychological features that add to the selling power of houses and the attractions of localities, was visiting the neighborhood, and he felt that he would like to introduce him to the Thistledown Estate.

"Ha!" Mr. Robert Jeffers said. "I see you have preserved 'Trappit's.' You're lucky to have a historical place like that on the estate. Gives it a spot of romance, don't you know?"

"Eh, what's that?" Cornelius said.

BOB told him. "Trappit's is connected with Wild Jack, the famous highwayman who used to haunt Thistledown Heath. It's tremendously historical. Wild Jack is said to have been arrested there and taken out to the gibbet on the Heath."

"Well, I never heard that before," Cornelius said. "A highwayman was a sort of gangster, I take it, and he had his fans."

Mr. Jeffers laughed. "He had—after distance lent enchantment. But the touch of romance is just what would be the making of a place like this."

"So it would," Cornelius Cunningham agreed.

"I would have the thatch put back, if I were you," Robert Jeffers continued. "It was thatched in Trappit's time. Of course you knew that Trappit was Wild Jack's unofficial name? He was the great-umpty-great uncle of the old fellow whom you bought the place from."

"I believe there are still some thatchers left in the south of England," Cornelius Cunningham said. He had to admit to himself that the Syndicate did not retain the services of a gang of thatchers.

"You could easily have the latticed casements put in," Mr. Jeffers continued, "and have the old open hearthplace restored."

"So I could," Cornelius said.

"And then," Mr. Jeffers concluded, "if I were you, I'd get that old descendant of Wild Jack to come back and live in the place. There is nothing like a real living tradition to make a bit of history convincing."

"Look here," the other said. "Would you care to undertake this bit of business for me? I'd give you a free hand."

Mr. Robert Jeffers considered. "I might get it done for you by—say, midnight on Christmas Eve," he said.

Old Mr. Joseph Trappit was slipping quietly out of church. The Midnight Mass was barely over but he was shy of meeting the other members of the congregation. He had

made up his mind at the last moment to come to Midnight Mass. Kind Mr. Bob Jeffers had offered to bring him over in his car. Mr. Jeffers had furthermore invited Mr. Trappit to spend Christmas with him in a quiet little place where he was staying, not far off. Father Peterkyn would be there. This invitation Joe had been persuaded to accept, but he had shied at Midnight Mass. The new altar was going to be unveiled for the first time, and people would be making comments. He would rather go quietly to the morning Mass.

So Mr. Bob had arranged to fetch him sometime before noon on Christmas Day. And then, when it came to the time Joe had suddenly felt that he couldn't keep away from Mass on Christmas Night, so he had come along and slipped in at the back, the last thing.

The sight of the new sanctuary had been a thrill. It was all shining marble and a perfect fulfillment of young Father Peterkyn's dream of the beauty of the House of the Lord. Joe's heart had for a moment dropped its burden and leaped. It was for this that he had given Trappit's. For this that he was suffering the chill propriety of his present surroundings.

There had been a sermon. A sermon on the gifts of the Kings, and gifts in general. The donor of the new altar might hear it if he would. The reward was life everlasting and a hundredfold in this life for those who had given up father or mother or country or house. He had given up Trappit's. The thought had come into Joe's mind.

Now he was for getting home as quickly as possible. He walked quickly away from the church. It was a clear, moonlit night.

BY FORCE of habit he turned left and walked along. Then he pulled himself up. He was taking the road that led to the Heath—to Trappit's. His road lay in the opposite direction. He stood there hesitating. An urge had come to him to go on. To go on and look at the place where Trappit's had once stood. He had not been near the spot since he left, the spot where Trappit's had stood for three hundred years until he gave it to the Child in the Crib for a plaything.

He continued his walk. He thought of the many years that he had taken this walk home from Midnight Mass, from the time when he was a boy returning to the old thatched Trappit's with the casement windows. A car sped past him, but otherwise all was solitude.

Joe had arrived at the edge of the Heath. On the road facing it he saw a thatched cottage. The moonlight shone full upon it, showing the latticed casements. It was Trappit's—the Trappit's of his boyhood.

Joe knew now that he must be dreaming. He walked on and up to the door. The name "Trappits" was written over it. A light streamed from the window. The door was ajar. Joe pushed it and went inside.

Beyond the little shop a bright fire was burning in the little parlor. It was the old parlor as Joe had known it. That was his old wooden arm-chair standing by the hearth. The grate had been removed. The logs blazed on the hearth. It was the Trappit's of his boyhood.

Joe stood there dazed. No dream had ever been as real as this.

Then someone came in quickly from the kitchen beyond. It was Mr. Bob Jeffers, and he was carrying a kettle in his hand.

BOB looked at Joe to make sure that the man who was dreaming was not a ghost.

"Joe! However did you find your way here?"

"I've been to Midnight Mass after all," Joe said. "I came this way to see where the old place stood."

"And you've found it standing," Bob said. "I planned this surprise for you, but I thought I'd have to wait until mid-day."

He pushed Joe into his chair, for the old man was on the point of collapsing. "We've restored Trappit's," he said, "and you have got to come and live here. It's to be your home, Joe, as long as you live. There has got to be a Trappit here. It's essential to the atmosphere."

The kettle boiled. Joe had a hot drink. He sat there gazing round him. "And the old casement's back again," he murmured. "'A hundredfold in this life.' And to think that the Lord should have found a way."

"And to think that He should have made use of Wild Jack," Bob added. "You owe it to Wild Jack that Trappit's was able to proclaim itself an historical relic."

Joe became thoughtful. He ran his eye caressingly over the old beams. "I've not done my duty by that poor fellow," he said. "He made his peace with God at the end. There's been a bit of pride on my part."

And that was how it came about that the congregation was somewhat intrigued when Father Peterkyn gave out on Sunday amongst the notices for the week's Masses:

"On Tuesday, for the repose of the soul of John Trappit. Mr. Joseph Trappit's intention."

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Joachim Beckes, C. P., Wuki, Hunan

Orchid Lane: Memories

By CORMAC SHANAHAN, C.P.

MEMORIES of Mayang Valley! So clear, so poignant—brought into the softness of reminiscing moments when "Kaotsun Came Into Its Own." The village of Kaotsun, whose new chapel was described in the September number of *THE SIGN*, is one of two Missions opened in the valley of the Mayang River; the other is Lanni, or Lan Li. I am not sure yet how to spell it, even after having lived nearly four years in the place. In the Chinese ideographs the name has been variously pictured as "Broken Mud," "Blue Mud," "South Stadium," or "Orchid Lane." The more learned natives of the neighborhood, with a fine poetic sense and justifiable pride, much prefer the last mentioned name—so suppose we call it by the lovely title of Lan Li, Orchid Lane.

At a bend in the meandering Mayang where the river broadens into a mile-long lagoon is the setting for this village, on the river edge of a wide, fertile flatland which extends thence to the foot of mountainous background. A low palisades banks the opposite shore of the river, with a vista of higher mountains in the distance.

It is more than a dozen years since a rowboat in flood stream carried the Passionist, Father Paul Ubinger, over the then submerged flatland to the base of the mountains where he

disembarked to spend several weeks in a cabin on the mountainside, beginning the new Christianity of Orchid Lane.

Following his visit one could have seen farmers pausing in their plowing to thumb a little booklet taken from their wide cloth belts; others resting on heavy-headed hoes in the sloping sweet-potato fields; women supporting their back-load of twigs against a tree—all poring over those little books. And then at night in a mountain cabin, seated around Father Paul, they would recite what they had memorized of Catholic doctrine and listen to further instructions. The bamboo flares that lighted them back through the woods to their homes must have shone to high heaven and given joy to God's Angels.

A group of men, women and children were baptized before Father Paul had to leave for work elsewhere, and for the next few years it was not possible to have a resident priest in the Mayang Valley. But Christianity increased. An old teacher, one of the first baptized and in whose home Father Paul had stayed, took it upon himself to watch for signs of awakening interest among other families in the neighborhood. He had the advantage of being well known to all as a sincerely religious man, having been continually in de-

mand to conduct their Taoist rituals. When it was rumored that some family had expressed a desire for the worship of the "True Lord of Heaven," this grand old man, Paul Li, would pay one or more preliminary visits to the home to make sure of their proper intention. Then on a set day he would come in all solemnity, go through several gyrations about the main room and suddenly, with one wide sweep of his arm, tear from the wall their pagan tablet, the "Seat of heaven, earth, civil powers, ancestors, teachers." "Now," he would say, flinging his arms wide open, "now you have joined the Catholic Church." New converts, well instructed in the Faith, were sent down to the missionary at Luki for final examination and baptism.

SO WHEN Fr. Ernest Cunningham, C.P., arrived as the first resident missionary he found that the congregation had grown. Renting a Chinese house as the Mission headquarters and chapel, he started organizing the Christianity on a solid basis. A thorough missionary always, Father Ernest did grand and lasting work. Men and women came down for ten li through the mountains in all sorts of weather to be present at Sunday Mass and instructions. A capable and learned young man with



a family of five children was "discovered" by Father Ernest and put in charge as resident catechist. He turned out to be one of the best catechists in all our Missions.

The statistics given in the 1933 Year Book for our entire Prefecture reveal that more than one-fifth of all the baptisms of the Prefecture were in the Kaotsun-Lan Li Mission, more than one-sixth of the adult conversions, and more than one-sixth of the annual confessions and communions. And this, although only one missionary had been present in the district.

Yet there is a long story of hard trials in this particular Mission. One elderly lady, a remarried widow, had joined with the group of Christians without ever taking instructions for Baptism. She was a female Judas, if there ever was one. The worries and sufferings she caused the Catholics, and indirectly the missionary, sound like a tale of the chamber of horrors. I had some of the Christians coming to me with their



A Chinese inscription, carved in stone, brings a message to those who approach the Mission compound.

thumb-nails black from constricting torture after she had led soldiers, friendly to her for unmentionable reasons, to the homes in the hills. Sticks, the size of clothes-pins, had also been placed between their fingers and a tourniquet twisted until the tender nerves pressed against the bones.

During the several months' interim between Father Ernest's pastorate and my own, a Kaotsun catechist (not a native of the valley) had made the foolish mistake of favoring this troublemaker, giving her entree and information. His wording of letters to the local general, inspired by favoring her side, was the principal cause for a son of one of Lan Li's leading Catholics leaving the military service. This gave the old lady an opportunity she had longed for.

One Sunday morning, after the Christians had finished their prayers, she led the soldiers to the Lan Li Mission. Contrary to first rumors, they caused no harm in the Mission itself. (I was not present, not having yet started the custom of saying Mass in both Missions each Sunday. It was some time later that our then Prefect Apostolic, now our Bishop, gave me this permission.) The sister of the deserting soldier was taken. She was a virgin of the Mission and previously a teacher of the women catechumens for Father Ernest. Her status in the family would usually, according to Chinese custom, have exempted her from any retribution wrought on the family for the crime of one of its members. But our lady-Judas had a particular grudge against the girl, and pointed her out to the soldiers. Taking her to a house on the street, they opened her jacket and tied its corners with her wrists behind her back. Then with a rope fastened at her wrists and slung over a high rafter they raised her in mid-air, hung in this torturous position. She was subject

From his vivid memories of Lan Li Fr. Cormac Shanahan gives us an account of that Mission during the time he was pastor. In his album he finds this picture, taken by Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P. on the occasion of a visit to confer Confirmation at the Orchid Lane Mission. Only part of the group who received the Sacrament is shown. Fourth from the right in the second row is the girl, mentioned in the article, who was later tortured by the soldiers.

to vile taunts, and threatened with further punishments to induce her to tell the whereabouts of her brother. She did not know.

No other members of the immediate family were found, but under the Chinese *Pao Chia* system of responsibility, the father's brothers with their wives and the grown males of their families were eventually rounded up and brought to court. All that went on during those prison days would fill a book in itself. How often I have pondered over the story, particularly of Lawrence Mann standing in that military tribunal before the petty officer who presided. Each of the prisoners in turn was being questioned as to his or her relation to the family and the extent of their wealth. Coming then to Lawrence:

"And who are you?" the officer asked.

"THOUGH unworthy," said the old man, "I am a humble member of the Lord of Heaven's Church."

"Hit him," was the quick command. An attendant struck Lawrence across the face.

"Now," repeated the officer, glaring at the man before him, "who are you?"

"An unworthy member of the Catholic Church," quietly reaffirmed the old man. Smack! Another blow. A third time it happened, with the same fearless answer. What grand stuff these Chinese are made of!

An understanding was finally reached as to the value of the property owned by the immediate family of the deserter, and the other branches of the clan were fined to that amount and the landed property divided amongst them.

But the first year and a half of my pastorate was a long, continual nightmare for me, worrying during the day and the dark, wondering what move the bewitched woman was making or planning next. There

were sudden raids in the darkness to those homes hid in the high mountain gulleys, girls of the families mistreated, rosaries found smashed, and large holy pictures torn to pieces, trampled in the mud; and dread in the hearts of the Catholics whenever they met a soldier friendly with that woman.

Our separated Christian brethren, missionaries in China, may lightly snap up the old worn objection about Catholic priests interposing their influence in court cases—but let them live through a whole year and a half of such a nightmare and not use what influence they may have in the cause of kindly charity.

A tribute is due here to General Tsen Yu Mou, the then military head of three-fourths of our Prefecture of West Hunan. No more splendidly outstanding type was ever in charge anywhere in our district. It was he who during the national Red control of China in 1926-27 risked his own position to safeguard us foreigners, declaring to the student agitators that they would be responsible to him for any harm we suffered. And it was not long now before he warned his officers to put a stop to such proceedings as were going on at Lan Li.

Eventually, too, we had piled up so many verified charges against the lady-trouble-maker that she dared not make another move with the illegal use of soldier friends. One can easily understand the fear Chinese families have of the common soldiery, and how in China—so differently from other countries—the soldiery is despised as the lowest of legitimate classes. That regard is a trait of their civilization.

One would naturally expect that a mission subjected to such a long trial would decline. But it was two years after the events just recorded, that the fine comparative record was made in Catholic activity and mission advancement, which I men-

tioned before as included in the 1933 Year Book of the Missions.

In that same year I was able to start building our permanent Mission at Lan Li. The father of the deserting soldier was the one who had bought a choice piece of land on the flat-land by the river bank. That was back in the days shortly after Father Paul's blessed stay in their midst. He had bought the land himself and had it written expressly in the deed that it was "for the Lord of Heaven Mission," our official title throughout all China. In Father Ernest's day there were minor difficulties, it seemed, in the way of making use of this property; but now these difficulties were for the most part over. Furthermore, two good benefactors in Boston, a brother and sister, had given a substantial donation, so the Chapel of St. Margaret in memory of their mother became the reality of today; as also a towered gateway flanked by a priest's house and a catechist's home.

WHAT a memory that gateway is. What memories full of meaning it can recall. Carved into the stone pillars supporting the roof of the gateway are two lines of poetry in Chinese, facing everyone who passes, reminding them:

*Tien jan seng ling hsiang ngai
Chu tsai ts'ao tseng tsi sung*

More than just our careful thought has gone into the making of that poem:

*"By Heaven-implanted nature all
creatures should love one
another
For the Lord Master has created
so sublimely."*

Along the main road on the river bank, market crowds will gather to look and remember; boatmen on the



Revered by the Christians of the entire district is Fr. Ernest Cunningham, one-time pastor of the Lan Li Mission.

Mayang in the shadow of the cross-mounted tower of that gateway will pause and learn; from that tower the chapel bell will scatter its tinkling reminder of Christ's Evangel—all in that poem on the gateway.

There, too, you have the hard, needed lesson from Lan Li Mission's history for all the people of today and tomorrow in Orchid Lane. There is the whole, divine message of our Crucified Saviour: Love and honor God above all things—the first and greatest commandment; and the second, like to this—Love thy neighbor as thyself. May His blessing prosper, in peace, the Catholics and neighbors of Orchid Lane!

The great majority of the Christians there have been faithful to their duties. We have every reason to hope that others who enter the Church will also persevere.

A view of the town of Lan Li from the opposite bank of the broad Yuan River. Here, where the stream sweeps by, a temple commands the attention of all who travel this way. To the right of this pagan shrine is the Catholic Mission site, marked here by a grove of trees. Beyond the flatland of the town rise the hills of western Hunan.



Catholic Action in Supu

By RAPHAEL VANCE, C.P.

PIUS XI, the Pope of the Missions, is also the Pope of Catholic Action. The reign of this glorious Pontiff will be remembered because of his great zeal and love of the Missions and the activity stirred up throughout the world for God's honor and the salvation of souls. In China among Catholics these two ideals of the Pope are really one. Much could be written of the great strides the Catholic Faith is making here in China and of the progress in our own Passionist Vicariate in Hunan in carrying out the will and wish of the supreme Pontiff in regard to Catholic Action; but for the present I shall deal with Supu. In this mission district, under the guidance of our beloved and zealous Bishop O'Gara, Catholic Action is taking root and spreading out. This is surely an encouragement to Fathers Dominic, Antoon and myself.

In China it is absolutely necessary to have catechists or lay teachers of doctrine. Without catechists the missionary would indeed be crippled. The missionary could plan and devise, but without these assistants there would be no progress. In China we might turn about an old phrase and say: "Tell me who your catechist is and I'll tell you what your mission is." Truth to tell, Supu has been blessed with very good catechists. Finer Catholics I never expect to meet than the four women and eleven men catechists of the Supu Mission. They are humble, obedient, zealous and keen to learn everything that will increase their own knowledge of doctrine. They are ever anxious and ready to do anything that will bring God and the truths of our holy religion to the great pagan population of Supu. Thus the progress here, after the grace of God, can be attributed to these zealous catechists who are carrying out the ideas of their priests and Bishop. And this in truth is Catholic Action.

Good as well as evil can be contagious. Certainly here in Supu the zeal and good example of the catechists has spread and is influencing this Christianity. Last May Supu had its first preached mission. It was a mission such as the Passionist Fathers give throughout the United States. There was the platform, mission cross, etc. Father William Westhoven, C.P., gave the sermons and

instructions. The Fathers of the Mission, together with Father William and our Most Reverend Bishop (who attended the last day) could not but be favorably impressed. All remarked the fervor and earnestness with which the Chinese Christians went through the exercises. It was most interesting to note with what rapt attention the two hundred and fifty who attended daily hung on every word of the eloquent preacher. And how consoling it was in Confession to see how the grace of God was working in the hearts and souls of these good simple people. Only a moving picture with sound effects could give an idea of the solemn closing of the mission. As the people on that last night, holding lighted candles raised aloft, renewed again their baptismal promises, the church vibrated as they cried out: "Yes, we renounce forever Satan and all his works and pomps." There was an atmosphere of gladness for you felt "here was a major victory over the old devil." Surely the angels rejoiced as they beheld this touching scene. How pleasing it must have been to the Sacred Heart of Jesus!

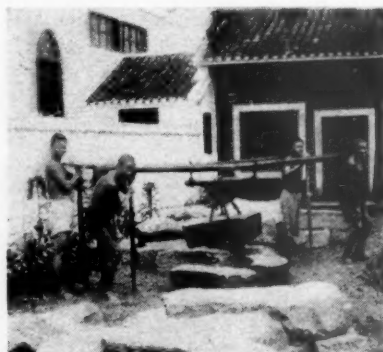
The idea of giving preached missions to our baptised Christians is due to Father William. The several missions already preached show how practical and beneficial is such a spiritual renewal. We hope to make the mission an annual event in Supu. In fact we intend to have two—one for the men and another for the women. This will offer an opportunity for everyone in the district to

make the mission. Otherwise many who would like to come have to remain at home to keep house.

The day after the mission closed was Pentecost and our Most Reverend Bishop conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation on ninety-four. This was truly a gala festival, with the church much too small to hold the three hundred and fifty adults who crowded into it. Truly did the inspiring words of our Bishop fall on "good ground." These new Christians were well prepared to receive the Holy Spirit.

THE Bishop remained at Supu for the Feast of Corpus Christi. The Christians showed their love for the Blessed Sacrament by coming in to Supu fifteen and twenty miles on foot. Though it was the rainy season and rice-planting time, they made this sacrifice gladly. The catechists and boys worked hard to decorate the yard for the outdoor procession. But the heavy rain on the feast made a procession impossible. Bishop O'Gara celebrated the Mass on Corpus Christi and Father Antoon preached a fervent sermon. After the Mass the procession around the church took place. Each of the Christians carried a lighted candle and all joined in the hymns sung in their native tongue. Truly is the Church growing and Catholic Action having its effect.

At the end of June each year the spiritual and financial reports of the missions are made out and sent to Rome. The Holy See judges from these reports what progress is being made. So too each missionary has some facts and figures which are illuminating on conditions in his own mission. Supu's spiritual report summarizes the results of Catholic Action in this mission. The work of the past year has indeed been encouraging. There were 101 Baptisms. Of this number 39 were in danger of death, the remainder representing a healthy increase in our Christianity. Of this latter number 45 were adult conversions. There were 5,045 Confessions and 9,448 Communions. By our preaching in the streets and temples throughout the Supu district more than 20,000 pagans heard the fundamentals of Catholic doctrine. Twice a week we visited the city prison and, on each occasion, spent



Building costs have increased enormously in Hunan because of the Sino-Japanese conflict. Some additions and renovations, such as those mentioned by Fr. Raphael Vance, cannot be postponed.

three hours in doctrinal and medical work. We find that our total number of dispensary cases for the sick poor amounted to 8,150. We have, through special training, added four men and two women to our staff of catechists. We now have eleven men and four women catechists. Supu has 544 Catholics and 750 catechumens. But this is a very small number, for the population of this district is 600,000. Surely extensive and intensive Catholic Action is needed to convert these others not of the Fold!

The financial report—well, that should be printed in red ink. How many of our plans and ideas die in the budget! With the increase in our numbers here, the women's catechumenate (doctrine school) is too small. We cannot celebrate the main feasts in Supu because the church cannot hold all our people. So at present the women's school is being enlarged and the church is being renovated. How are we to pay for this? Well I hope my friends in the States see this and that the readers of *THE SIGN* will come to my aid.

THE Supu Christians are devoted to Blessed Gemma Galgani. We have opened a new mission-station at a large town called Tichwang (fifteen miles from Supu) and have dedicated the place to our dear patroness, Blessed Gemma. For the formal opening of this station we put on our Doctrine Show for three days. Over 200 heard doctrine and 160 received medical help. The Supu Magistrate sent us a large document for the new mission, in which he invited the people to show the Catholic Church every courtesy and to listen and learn our doctrine. He warns all in no way to harm the mission and requires the local officials to give the place, the priest, the catechist and the Christians all protection. This new mission is only half of a rented house, but it will serve till we get



From workers and children in the fields the missionary receives a greeting as he passes by. In Supu the practice of traveling about the countryside to preach doctrine has made the priests a familiar sight to the natives.

some baptised Christians and find a suitable place for a substantial building.

Our campaigning for Christ, or the Doctrine Show as we commonly call it, is now in its third year. We have seen ways and means to improve this very practical Catholic Action. We have duplicated the Show and now have two on the road at the same time. This was made possible by the Bishop assigning three priests to the Supu district and by our increase in catechists. While I write this Father Dominic is out with Show No. 1 and Father Antoon with Show No. 2. Thus we hope and plan and pray that during the coming year we will reach at least 50,000 pagans to give them some idea of the God Who made them, Who loves them and Who died for them.

We have introduced some new features into the Show. Instead of giving

a half hour of phonograph music and then the talk, followed by more music—we made a change. There are fifteen minutes of music, a talk of fifteen minutes, more music and a second fifteen minute discourse. In this way the catechists' prepared talks have to be strictly to the point. The interest of the crowd is better held for two short fifteen minute periods than for a half hour. It is easier in this way also to introduce a new doctrine subject. These doctrinal talks are at night when we can get the largest crowd. However, if during the day a sufficient number gathers (as often happens on Market Day) we give our music and talk.

The pagans are impressed by example as well as by the words of the priest and catechists. Anyone would be edified by the good example of the catechists. I have often marvelled at their patience and charity and the quiet way they go about tending the loathsome ulcers, washing the putrid sores, comforting the sick and consoling the afflicted. By their cheerful disposition they are able to get in a word now and again about God and our holy religion. To see the priest and catechists living in their own poor surroundings and partaking of their own simple fare, serves to impress the plain country people of Supu's valleys and hills. They feel there must be something in our religion to make us do these things for them freely and uninvited. This is Catholic Action at its best.

So to *THE SIGN* readers we appeal to join us in Catholic Action. All can help by their prayers that the beginnings here in Supu will grow and flourish more and more. Many can help us in a financial way, for money is needed to carry on. The medicines alone that we give to the poor are an expensive item. All can join in our Catholic Action, a Catholic Action such as our Holy Father wants spread through the world.

Five chubby orphans who have been well cared for by the Sisters of St. Joseph at the Passionist Mission of Chihkiang, Hunan. Grateful for the assistance already given them in their work for these children, the Sisters have written a word of thanks for their benefactors. This article will appear in the January number of *The Sign*.



CATEGORICA

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF OTHERS

CHRISTMAS CRIB

• *BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS, well suited to the Christmas season, fill the verse of Mary Fabyan Windeatt in "Spirit," a magazine of poetry published by the Catholic Poetry Society of America:*

Once again you may come and behold her, this night of
Star-shining,

You may kneel where she loves, where she sighs;
See? Here she has found a still place in the shadows.
Come close, Christian. Look in her eyes.

For all time has been leveled, and even our twentieth
century

Is now nothing, is folded and furled
Before this fair crowning of woman, the ending
Of all of the roads in the world.

Will you yearn for great books when within her young
arms is all Knowledge?

Will you reach for high triumph and gold?
The loves of great men are but dead twisted candles
To hers that can never grow cold.

O young Maiden, look up and behold not strange shep-
herds bewildered

By a Star they do not understand—
No Bethlehem dwellers, no wise men, no princes
Who hail from an Orient land—

But instead just we poor men, we workers, we humble
of humble,

With our young ones to rear and to raise;
We Christians of village and city with question
Surrounding our nights and our days.

For our hearts are afraid, are unsteady; we feel the
winds blowing

Of a storm wherein Love shall meet Hate.
The serpent in scarlet is massed on our doorstep
And Herod has knocked on the gate.

And our brothers are young, they are tender, and know
not of exile.

Watch us, Maiden, who fled from steeled might.
For Egypt is far and we have not your angel
To warn us, to lead us tonight.

SLOGANS AND LABELS

• *SLOGANS and labels as substitutes for thinking are the object of attack for Mr. Arnold Lunn in a chapter entitled "The Use and Abuse of Labels" in his recent "Spanish Rehearsal":*

Slogans and labels are our modern substitutes for intellectual curiosity. Smith is a Trotskyite. So much for Smith. No need to read his book or two to meet his arguments. Russian Smiths are liquidated by bullets, American Smiths by labels. Words which should stimulate thought are degenerating into labels to save people from the necessity of thinking. And no word is more useful for this soporific purpose than "Fascist."

If you object to dictatorship in Russia you are a Fascist. If you criticize certain aspects of democracy in England you are a Fascist. If you disapprove of that régime of terror which followed the institution of the Popular Front in Spain, you are a Fascist. If you hope for friendlier relations with Italy, if you resent the mischievous activities of your pacifist warmongers, if you are not prepared for your son to die for Geneva, you are a Fascist.

And if you are a Fascist nobody need bother any further with your views or your arguments.

Perhaps the most popular thought-saving labels are the words "progressive" and "reactionary." No labels could be sillier. If I have taken the wrong turning, it is foolish to progress any further in the wrong direction. On the contrary, I should react towards the crossroads where I went wrong. Roosevelt is often described as a progressive. On the contrary, he is a reactionary, reacting from the great heresy of economic Liberalism—the heresy that moral values must be subordinated to economic law. He is reacting to the medieval view that economics should be subordinate to human welfare.

Labels are valuable insofar as they help to clarify thought, pernicious insofar as they are accepted as substitutes for thought.

SUBSTITUTION

• *A PECULIAR SUBSTITUTION is noted in the September 6th issue of "News-Week":*

To tow a record shipment—18,000 tons of wheat—over the Federal Barge Lines, officials announced they would assign the tugboat Franklin Delano Roosevelt. When the six barges reached Peoria, Ill., spectators noticed another boat doing the towing. Because "the Franklin Delano Roosevelt didn't have the push," the line had used its Herbert Hoover.

RELIGIOUS STAMPS

• *"UNIQUE STAMP COLLECTIONS" by Ernest A. Kehr in "Talks" gives interesting information on a collection of stamps pertaining to religion:*

Take, for instance, the collection of Father Cech of LaCrosse, Wisconsin. This Catholic priest doesn't have very much money to spend on avocations, so he began collecting stamps that pertain to religion. Among some of his specimens you can see stamps from Greece and Crete that depict old mythological gods such as Jupiter, Neptune, Hermes and Apollo. Going on to the stamps from oriental lands, you behold pagan conceptions of a Supreme Being. Among them are Siva, the goddess with six arms engraved on the stamps of Indo China, or Phoenix, the god of wisdom, on Japanese adhesives.

Under the heading of Christianity there are stamps from many lands portraying the Madonna, Christ and even Pope Pius. Other countries portrayed their patron saints such as Elizabeth, Cyril, Peter, Paul and Francis.

The most interesting of this group is the set issued by Portugal in 1895. The front of the stamps shows a

picture of St. Anthony of Padua preaching to the fishes, an incident familiar to all of us. The back of these stamps is very unusual. On each one is inscribed a prayer, which when translated means:

"O blessed tongue, which always didst bless the Lord and cause others to bless Him, now it is evident how highly thou were esteemed by God!"

This, as you perhaps know, was what St. Bonaventure exclaimed when the body of St. Anthony was unearthed thirty-two years after his death. His entire body had crumpled into dust, but his tongue, says tradition, remained as incorrupt as the day he died. The prayer on these stamps reminded the Portuguese of this miracle each time they affixed one to a letter. By it they were admonished to refrain from sins of the tongue and speech.

LATEST IN COLD

• **THE LATEST in cold, and some of its strange effects, is reported in "Science and Medicine" in "The Digest":**

Man is showing Earth something new in cold, the last word in cold. The chill of outer space alone dives to the low temperatures reached by experimenters at Holland's University of Leyden and in our own government Bureau of Standards. These laboratories have pioneered to within a small fraction of a degree of the absolute in cold: 459 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit.

Until recently, low-temperature apparatus cost tens of thousands of dollars. But research has found new equipment, costing only a few hundreds. So university and industrial laboratories in increasing numbers are making it as cold as can be; and startling things happen.

Lead, at ordinary temperatures, is a poor conductor of electricity. The atoms making up a lead wire, rather than carry a strong current, offer resistance, become excited, and get overheated. The wire melts and the atoms run away. A quarter century ago, at Leyden, Kammerlingh Onnes chilled a ring of lead wire in liquid helium, which liquefies only near absolute zero. Next he sent a current through the lead. And the lead atoms offered no resistance. The electricity, given a starting push, continued to circle the ring—apparently would have kept on flowing of its own accord, indefinitely. No one had ever expected such a phenomenon. The lead had become superconductive.

Thus it would be cheaper to transmit electricity across icy distance to Mars than across the continent.

RADIO BY-PRODUCT

• **SOME of the strange and unexpected effects of scientific advance are discussed in "American Chit-Chat" in "G.K.'s Weekly":**

England (and in a lesser way, America) has had its self-confidence wounded. Strangely enough it is largely through the scientific advance, of which we were so long the champions, that our doubts have come. And it is the radio even more than the airplane which has injured our self-esteem and peace of mind. While it is true that England, for a long time now, has had things pretty much her own way because she was mistress of the seas of Neptune, we must not forget the important point that she was also mistress in no small degree of that great ocean of literature, so powerful in influencing the actions of men. She ruled the

world, or much of it, by her word only. But there is often a fatal gap between words which serve theories true in themselves, and actuality. If we still lived in the atmosphere of our "Reviews of Thought," I am afraid we would yet be unaware of our perilous remoteness from a real world.

Now one can rule by fictions if one can keep out other fictions. England's place was secure as the literary leader; and as long as literary leadership went unchallenged England led. But since Marconi introduced the radio, lying by the spoken word is having things so increasingly its own way that it bids fair to leave poor old literature with its limited appeal, its slow tempo and its human rhythms, to limp along, a poor second. And where is England now, the old England which lied so beautifully, and with such restraint? Ah, you may ask, where indeed is our old culture? It is rapidly being buried by the radio and the "talkies." The amplifier has magnified the illiterate voice of the vulgar. The strident cry of "the gutter-dream of Democracy" has all but killed the rhythmic reticences of old England, the Home of the Poets.

CHRISTMAS IN "LOYALIST" SPAIN

• **MR. H. EDWARD KNOBLAUGH describes Christmas in so-called Loyalist Spain as an extremely drab and gloomy affair, in his book "Correspondent in Spain." Mr. Knoblaugh was correspondent for the Associated Press in Madrid for more than four years:**

Christmas, 1936, was a different kind of Christmas than the residents of the territory now designated as Loyalist Spain had ever known. Blighted by the deaths of countless thousands since the bloody struggle had begun the previous July, there was little heart for merriment in the war-weary people.

For the first time in living recollection the day was not ushered in in traditional Spanish fashion with the Misa del Gallo—Mass of the Rooster, which is what the Spaniards call their Midnight Mass. The churches and cathedrals, which each Christmas Eve had been filled to overflowing, this Christmas Eve stood stark and silent against the moonlit sky. Gutted by fire and shorn of the priceless art treasures which were their heritage of centuries, the ruined buildings stood like giant, blackened skeletons. Those few which had been stripped but not destroyed had been converted into barracks, and the snores of sleeping militiamen substituted the organs' *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*.

Christmas Day's customary feast was a sad affair. In most places it was rice and lentils again for the five-hundredth time. Those fortunate enough to have friends among the militia's provisioning committees or sufficient money to afford the rising prices of what foodstuffs remained in open market, fared somewhat better.

January 6th, traditional "Day of Kings" set aside for the distribution of presents, was not called by that name this year. The Anarchists protested against observance of the tradition on the grounds that it was a throw-back to the days of religious symbolism, but custom overruled them. Presents, chiefly toy military outfits and clothing, were bought for the children. Loyalist composers found an opportunity to help the new educational program by creating verses with a revolutionary theme. These verses were printed into booklets and distributed among war orphans by the Ministry of Propaganda as gifts from the new "Proletarian Kings of Labor, Fraternity and Progress."

WEDDING FREAKS

• **IT IS STRANGE but true that the marriage ceremony, an event of the greatest importance in the life of any man or woman, very often brings out latent traits of freakishness in the participants. A few examples are listed by "The Catholic Fireside":**

Some freak wedding ceremonies have taken place in various parts of the world from time to time. For instance, a couple in the United States staged their wedding in the window of a large department store on the morning of an opening sale. Doubtless they were recompensed for their trouble, but not many people would be keen to follow their example. Another pair were married some distance under the sea with the aid of a diving bell, the ceremony being photographed from another bell lowered a short distance away.

Two young people of Miami, Florida, decided to be wed upon the beach, and the guests, bridegroom, minister and witnesses all wore bathing costumes. Afterwards a bathing party was organized, followed by an *al fresco* picnic lunch on the sands.

A strange ceremony took place at the wedding of a New York couple, when, after marrying the youthful pair, the officiating justice conducted a mass marriage service, which included all relatives of the bride and groom who had been previously married. At this stage each pair reaffirmed their marriage vows, as an example to their children and grandchildren.

Some months ago the announcement of the wedding of a prominent mannequin, who had shown bridal outfits for many years, was greeted with enthusiasm by her friends and acquaintances, who all agreed that she would make a lovely bride. Imagine their dismay when they discovered that the ceremony was to be of the simplest character, and that the bride would wear tweeds. Her job had taken away the glamour of a white wedding entirely.

FOWLER COPIES BRISBANE

• **How Gene Fowler nearly got away with a phony copy for Brisbane's column "Today" is told by Lucius Beebe in "The Herald-Tribune":**

It was when Fowler was on the city desk of *The American*, and Mr. Brisbane, while hurrying between engagements, was accustomed to dictate his daily column into a gramophone arrangement which had been built into his car. Detecting the great man's auto, with chauffeur missing, outside *The American* office one afternoon, Fowler jumped into the tonneau, pocketed the disk then on the machine, and dictated a column that was a howling but not fantastic parody of the Brisbane style. It was full of apes flying airplanes and the other favorite visions of Mr. Hearst's editorial seer, and, at first scanning, was in the best Brisbane manner. In due time it was transcribed, set in type for the next day's front page and a proof sent to Fowler, on the night desk. He called up Mr. Brisbane in great agitation and said, "Boss, there seems to be just a little something phony about your tomorrow's copy. I thought I ought to read it to you to be sure it is all O. K. It just seems to lack the master touch!" Brisbane was aghast at what had been set up under his byline and warmly commended Fowler for detecting the hoax, which would have made no end of a goat of him if it had appeared. He went to his grave without knowing how Fowler caught on to the canard.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

• **MR. JOHN NIBB, arch-enemy of the excessive modern nationalism, cites the following in "International Thoughts—the Reflections of a Catholic Pacifist":**

Must we conclude that modern civilization as we know it cannot be remedied? Such a conclusion seems tenable but unduly pessimistic. All programs good or bad emanate from minorities, though they may sometimes require endorsement by the multitude for effective operation. Today there is an active minority that has examined and found wanting the philosophy of nationalism implanted upon the masses in recent centuries. Moreover there is a minority profoundly dissatisfied with the modern notion of progress, as is evidenced by back-to-the-land movements in many countries, and the revival of home arts and crafts, and agitation against big capitalism. . . .

Increasing numbers of the rising generation are in touch with international associations that directly or indirectly act as a solvent to the nationalistic ideal. In these symptoms there is hope, slender perhaps but capable of growth; nothing that depends on human action is inevitable, and man may yet endure to witness a civilization not unworthy of the better elements with which human nature has been endowed. It would, however, be unwarrantably optimistic to surmise that such a civilization can be deliberately secured by conflicts fought upon the basis of nationality. Hence may the Christian pacifist continually pray "Scatter Thou those groups that favor war."

REMEDY FOR IRRELIGION

• **FATHER JOHN A. O'BRIEN makes some pointed remarks in "Columbia" about those who abandon religious practices and the reasons that lead to such abandonment:**

The remedy for irreligion, for the neglect of one's faith, is seldom argument. In most cases the remedy is to tear down the skeleton dangling in the family closet, to strangle the secret vice, to begin to obey the moral law, to turn to Christ in prayer and penitence. A good conscience and a pure heart are more helpful than clear eyes in seeing God and in sensing the invisible realities of the spiritual world.

The conscience which does not sink its anchor into the subsoil of religious faith nor project its antennae beyond the roof of the skies, is apt to catch neither the music of divine inspirations nor the thunder of divine commands. "Quarry the granite with a razor," said Cardinal Newman, the cultured scholar of Oxford, long ago, "moor the vessel with a thread of silk, then you may hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human learning to contend against those giants, the passions and the pride of men." Will power, strength of character, and a dynamic driving force that spring from deep religious convictions, offer the only effective controls for the great majority of the race.

If I were asked to write one sentence above the portals of the universities of our land to be blazoned constantly before the eyes of youth, it would be the solemn warning: "A man may walk intellectually among the stars and grovel morally among the swine." Better than knowledge is wisdom. Better than learning is moral excellence. Better than cleverness is simple honesty. Wisdom, which is the end of all education, is the blending of knowledge with virtue.

Anti-Catholicism in Yugoslavia

Knowledge of the Background of the Present Conflict in Yugoslavia Over the Concordat Offers a Key to Its Understanding

By WALTER JOHN MARX

THE secular press has from time to time carried stories of violent religious riots in Yugoslavia. The average reader, whether Catholic or non-Catholic, was amazed to read of the strong popular opposition to a governmental measure which, he was assured, would practically make the Catholic Church the established church of a predominantly Orthodox country. No adequate explanation was given for the stubborn refusal of the government to withdraw the proposed measure, even though, we were assured, almost all parties and classes in the country were opposed to it. As in the case of most of our modern problems, we must do what too many journalists writing for the secular press fail to do, namely, go back into history to find the real origins of events. No problem in modern life can be adequately understood and solved without a clear understanding of the historical facts behind it.

The present conflict in Yugoslavia goes back to the very dawn of the Middle Ages, to the time when St. Stephen wore the iron crown of Hungary and made Christianity the religion of his people. Only a hun-

dred and fifty years before, the pagan Magyars had swept over Europe, destroying the Moravian Empire and driving a wedge between the Slavic people of the East and South and those of the West and North.

At the end of the eleventh century the kings of Hungary had established their dominion over Croatia, Dalmatia and Transylvania. And the Christianity of their realm came from Rome, while the Slavic peoples to the South and East of the kingdom of Hungary had received their religion from missionaries sent out by the Byzantine capital, Constantinople. When the unfortunate schism occurred between the East and the West in the eleventh century, the ancestors of the Serbians and Bulgarians followed the Emperor and Patriarch of Constantinople, breaking with Rome and with Western Civilization. The short-lived Serbian empire of the Middle Ages was swept aside by the rising tide of Islam, and eventually Hungary itself fell into the hands of the Turks.

This is not the place to outline the heroic struggle of the Slavic and

Magyar peoples for freedom from the Moslem tyranny. It should be pointed out, however, that the rise of Serbian nationalism is a fairly recent affair, dating only from the nineteenth century. But as with all national movements, textbooks have been written from the national point of view, past history has been glorified and Serbians have dreamed of a revival of their lost medieval empire.

Serbia, before 1914, contained fewer than half of the Serbs and a much smaller proportion of the Balkan Slavs. Austria-Hungary ruled over more Serbs than those in Serbia itself, not to mention the Croats and Slovenes under the Austro-Hungarian flag. A united Serbia meant the destruction of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and most historians of the World War period agree that the greatest single cause of that catastrophe was the rise of Serbian nationalism.

Little Serbia became one of the martyrs of the war. Her troops fought valiantly, and when the peace treaties were finally signed she fared very well indeed. Large sections of Bulgaria and Hungary fell to her lot while she became the nucleus of a



The military suppressing an anti-Catholic riot in Belgrade recently. One of the participants is an Orthodox prelate

vast new country, Yugoslavia, comprising not only the Serbians but the Croats and Slovenes. She also obtained most of the Adriatic coast, ancient Dalmatia, which in 1915 had been at least tacitly promised to Italy by England and France.

So, for the first time since the tenth century, these Slavic peoples were united once more in a single nation. But a thousand years of civilization had intervened! The Croatian had shared in the culture of the West, of Roman Christianity. For long centuries the Serbian had borne the Turkish yoke and all that had saved him, all that had enabled him to retain the consciousness of his own nationality had been the Christianity he had received from Byzantium. His fight for freedom had been a holy fight since it was also a battle to preserve his religion. But his culture remained primitive, essentially pastoral and agricultural, far inferior to that of his Croatian brother.

In the new state, however, the Serbian was dominant. He wanted a highly centralized government entirely in the hands of the Serbs. The Croatian wanted a federal state that would safeguard his own superior culture and protect his Roman Catholicism. There was bound to be a conflict and the parliamentary system of England and France, superimposed upon a people still largely illiterate, proved to be unworkable. We had incidents such as the shooting of the Croatian leader, Raditch, while addressing parliament. Like the members of the Mexican parliament, the Yugoslav statesmen attended meetings armed with revolvers and knives. The result of all this was the dictatorship of the late King Alexander.

THAT this dictatorship was harsh and cruel it would be impossible to deny. But Alexander did have a fixed goal—the unification of Yugoslavia and the winning over of the Croatian opposition. There was actually armed opposition on the part of the Croats in the more mountainous parts of their country. In his attempts at unification the King aroused the antagonism of the Croatian bishops, particularly when he promulgated his law concerning primary education. This quarrel reached its climax in January, 1933, when the bishops issued a pastoral letter against the Sokols, to the profit of which the Church had been dispossessed of its right of having its own physical culture organizations. The present concordat was designed to end this quarrel and to grant the Catholic Church the same

rights as those possessed by the Orthodox Church.

A concordat was actually concluded before the outbreak of the World War and ratified by the Skoupchtina on July 26, 1914 (old style), as a gesture toward the Austrian-ruled Croats. At the end of the war the Orthodox Church demanded and received a charter that granted it a unique position in Yugoslavia. But while the Orthodox Catholics comprise forty-nine per cent of the people some thirty-seven per cent are members of the Roman Catholic Church. It was, therefore, impossible to refuse some sort of statute to the Catholic Church, and in May, 1925, negotiations for a concordat were started. The Vatican was all the more desirous of signing a concordat because of the possible danger to the Church of a certain particularism characteristic of the attitude of some of the Croatian bishops.

THE CONCORDAT unfortunately became a political football during the succeeding years and the Yugoslav government used it only too often in an attempt to split the Croats by winning over the clericals from the Croatian leader, Matchek. But the negotiations were finally completed in July, 1935, and the concordat was ratified by the Chamber of Deputies this summer. It was to come before the Senate during the fall and winter session but in view of the opposition to it by all the parties against the government, in view of the continued riots and the excommunication of the leaders in the government by the Orthodox Church, the government has intimated that the concordat would not go before the Senate for ratification and never would come into force.

Contrary to the impression given by the secular press, the concordat is by no means a one-sided document in favor of the Catholic Church. It is an understanding quite in accord with traditional agreements of the same sort and the full authority of the state is respected. Rightfully, the Holy See alone has the right of nominating the bishops, but in view of the political activity of certain priests, the government is allowed the right of bringing up objections "of a general political order." The state receives very large powers. In the quarrel between the bishops and the government the concordat upholds the government.

The Church on its part is granted the right of having obligatory religious instruction in public schools where the majority of students are Catholic. It is allowed to create or

maintain associations of Catholic Action, and full civil effects are given to a religious marriage. Some of the secular journalists in commenting on this last privilege forget to mention that there is no civil marriage in Yugoslavia!

The measure which has aroused particular opposition and which has been especially criticized in the American press is that clause which declares that the non-Catholic spouse in a mixed marriage who has taken the obligation to raise all children in the Catholic religion will be forced at need by civil authority to keep the agreement. On the face of it this simply means the enforcement of contract, the fulfilling of a solemn promise!

Unfortunately, even the Croats who stand to gain by the concordat are by no means wholly in its favor. The most militant element, those led by Matchek, are opposed to it, perhaps because they fear it will establish peace between the Croats and the government and thus prevent the attainment of their particularist aims.

However, while the religious opposition of sincere members of the Orthodox Church cannot be denied, this religious feeling is being exploited by various revolutionary elements in Yugoslavia, elements which desire the destruction of the present government. It is these groups, primarily Fascist and Nationalist, which have caused most of the rioting. The Orthodox clergy have been used as pawns to lend prestige and dignity to a rather sordid cause.

THE CONCORDAT, if faithfully observed by the government, would be one of the most constructive steps by a Yugoslavian cabinet to bridge the gap between the Catholic culture of Croatia and Slovenia and the Orthodox culture of Serbia itself. Most of the privileges granted to the Catholic Church have long been enjoyed by the Orthodox Church, and as noted above, the government is willing to extend the concordat to the other religions of Yugoslavia. Albert Mousset, in the French Radical Socialist weekly, *L'Europe Nouvelle*, states that the real quarrel is the question of the supremacy of the civil power, the dethronement of the Orthodox Church from its unique and dominant position in the Yugoslav state. The concordat, therefore, is only the occasion of the struggle, long dormant, between the government of Yugoslavia and an Orthodox Church that has been really a rival of that government when it has not actually dominated it.

THE SIGN-POST

QUESTIONS + ANSWERS + LETTERS

• The SIGN-POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign-Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

Marrying with Intent to Practice Birth Control: Poor Giving To Church Beyond Their Means

(1) I heard from my Protestant room-mate that she is to marry a devout Catholic boy. They plan to be married by a priest and both will promise to bring up their children as Catholics. But since they do not want children for several years, they have agreed to practice birth control by artificial means. Is it possible for them to marry under this condition? (2) The daughter of a non-Catholic physician in a large Catholic district complains that her father is forced to give his services free to the Catholic poor because they give money to the Church which they need for the necessities of life, especially for their children. As a result her father is always in debt. She claims that priests should not accept money from such people. Is this accusation true? It seems to be a very common charge against the Church; and if it is true, as Protestants say, why isn't something done about it?—N. Y.

(1) In the first place, the Church severely forbids Catholics to marry non-Catholics, whether baptized or unbaptized. In the event that there are sufficiently grave reasons for granting a dispensation from this law, the Church demands that the non-Catholic promise on his word of honor that he or she will not interfere with the practice of religion by the Catholic party, and both promise that all children born to the marriage will be baptized and brought up only in the Catholic faith. Those who marry with the intention of not having children for some time, by means of artificial birth control, or contraception, are guilty of grave sin. Contraception is a grave sin against nature and an abuse of the contract of marriage, which it is never lawful to practice. "Devout" Catholics are presumed to know this.

(2) Speaking generally, we do not believe that the Catholic poor give beyond their means to the support of the Church, though we do believe that as a class they make more sacrifices for the faith than the rich. Neither the Church nor God Himself expects the poor to contribute to religion more than they can afford. It may possibly be that in the non-Catholic physician's district there are some Catholic poor who are imprudent in giving more to the Church than their means allow, but we are inclined to suspect the truth of the allegation because of the non-Catholic's complaint of always being in debt. Moreover, we are confident that, if it is true that Catholic parents contribute to the Church what is necessary for their own decent support, and especially the necessities of their children,

the local clergy would be the first to refuse to accept money from them.

Marriage During Lent: Luther's Revolt: Mode of Baptism: Lay Investiture

(1) Is it possible for two Catholics to be married in church during Lent? (2) What was the real reason for Luther's revolt against the Church? Did he ever seek forgiveness from the Pope and wish to be taken back in the Church? (3) Did the Catholic Church ever change its form of Baptism? (4) In early times why did the kings instead of the Pope appoint the bishops?—H. S., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

(1) Marriage can be contracted in church on any day of the year, therefore during Lent, but the solemn nuptial blessing, which is given only during Mass, is forbidden during the "closed times," which are from the first Sunday of Advent to Christmas Day, inclusive, and from Ash Wednesday to Easter Sunday, inclusive. (Canon 1108). However, the solemn nuptial blessing may be given later on. (Canon 1101).

(2) The question of the abuse of indulgences was the proximate cause, or at least the occasion of Luther's revolt against the Catholic Church, but his peculiar theory of grace and free will, together with his unstable character, were the remote causes. On more than one occasion Luther wrote in the most abject tone to the Pope, for instance in his letter to Pope Leo X: "Most Holy Father, I cast myself at thy feet with all I have and am. Give life or take it away; call, reprove, approve; your voice is that of Christ, Who presides and speaks in you." Yet a few days later he preached from the pulpit of Wittenburg against the power of the Pope to excommunicate him and circulated inflammatory tracts breathing the same spirit. But Luther never, so far as we have been able to discover, sincerely retracted his heresies and asked to be reinstated in the Church.

(3) The form of Baptism has been from the beginning what it is today, viz., "I baptize thee in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." Our Lord Himself declared in His farewell message to the Apostles (Matt. 28:19) how they should baptize. What you probably refer to is the *mode* of baptizing. In the early ages immersion was the common method, although the large number of Baptisms administered by St. Peter and mentioned in the Acts, 2:41, was probably effected by aspersion or infusion (the method used in the Latin Church since about the 13th century). The Catholic Church teaches that Baptism may be validly adminis-

tered in any of three ways—immersion (which is still practiced in many churches), aspersion, or sprinkling, and infusion. The latter method is the one commonly employed in the Roman Rite.

(4) This question refers to what is called in ecclesiastical history "lay investiture." During the days of the feudal system, kings and princes made generous gifts to the Church. In turn they attempted to gain control over the appointments to benefices, such as bishoprics, abbacies, etc. They chose their own favorites, and invested them. This was an intolerable abuse. Pope Gregory VII (Hildebrand), who reigned from 1073 to 1085, strongly proscribed this system and legislated for reform. This brought on a bitter conflict between the temporal rulers, especially in Germany, and the Papacy. Henry IV of Germany fought against this reform, but he finally capitulated at Canossa, where he sued for Gregory's pardon. The Pope by his action saved the Church from lay domination.

Difference Between Communism and Fascism

What is the difference between Communism and Fascism?—C. E. H., BALTIMORE, MD.

Though both Russia and Italy, where Communism and Fascism, respectively, are practiced, are totalitarian States, they differ in certain fundamental points. It is sufficient to note two very important differences between them. Communism denies the right of the individual to hold as his own any property that is productive and a source of profit; Fascism admits this right, but sharply circumscribes it in the interests of the State. Communism is essentially materialistic and actually and violently atheistic, as abundant evidence proves in Russia and Red Spain; Fascism is not entirely materialistic; it admits spiritual values, though it subjects them, so far as it can, to the authority of the State. Fascism is not atheistic. In fact, Fascism is an energetic reaction against the progress of Communism. It is said that, if there had been no Communism, there would be no Fascism.

Papal Encyclicals

(1) Does the Pope himself actually make research and write his own Encyclicals in Latin? (2) If he receives aid from Bishops, Cardinals and others of different countries on matters which he can hardly know himself, such as the conditions of the moving pictures, labor disputes, etc., does not this indicate that the chief framers and writers of the Encyclicals are the advisory Bishops and others? (3) Why is it that more Encyclicals were not published during the pontificates of Pius IX and Benedict XV? (4) Have the Sacred Congregations any part in writing or recognizing the Encyclicals? (5) Do the Encyclicals express infallibly the "mind of the Church," or only "learned opinion"?—VILLANOVA, PA.

(1) We are not in possession of certain knowledge in this matter, but we venture the opinion that the Pope usually composes his Encyclicals with the aid of others, though we recollect having read that he wrote with his own hand the Encyclical on the persecution of the Catholic Church in Germany, issued last March. Those Encyclicals which appear in the original in Latin are usually composed in that language by the Pope's Latin Secretary.

(2) The Pope has his own immediate advisors, the College of Cardinals, and has many other sources of information relating to everything which has a bearing on the Church throughout the world, such as visiting Bishops, Papal Nuncios, Papal Delegates, etc. Though

they may furnish the information, the Holy Father himself decides what is to be done with it. Their information makes them informants, not composers of Encyclicals.

(3) The difference of length of the pontificate is one reason why one Pope may issue more Encyclicals than another. Benedict XV, for instance, reigned only for eight years, while Pius XI has already been Pope for fifteen. Individual judgment as to the advisability of issuing an Encyclical may vary with the person of the Pope. No Catholic who has an appreciation of the serious state of present affairs, and their influence on the Church—and religion itself, for that matter—can doubt the advisability of Papal pronouncements concerning them. Encyclicals, it should be remembered, are only one form of Papal documents. Pius IX issued many pronouncements during his pontificate.

(4) Matters which the Pope intends to discuss and which relate to the jurisdictions of the Sacred Congregations are usually referred to them for advice.

(5) When the Pope clearly speaks as Pastor and Teacher of all Christians and intends to define a doctrine of faith or morals for the whole Church, that is, *ex cathedra*, he speaks infallibly and all are obliged in conscience to assent with an assent of faith to his teaching. Thus, some theologians consider the present Holy Father's condemnation of artificial birth control, or contraception, in the Encyclical *Casti Connubii* to be an infallible pronouncement. When he issues statements on grave issues, either to particular countries or to the whole Church, but does not intend to define any doctrine, for instance, to lay down some disciplinary rule, the faithful are obliged to receive his teaching with that respect and obedience which are due to the Pope's office and their relation to it.

Anti-Christ

I read an editorial in a Catholic newspaper which commented on an alleged private revelation to the effect that the Anti-Christ will flourish in the years 1952 to 1955; that he has already been born in Jerusalem; that he will begin his reign in his 33rd year and will hold sway for 1,260 days; that he will be fought by a great Catholic sovereign, but the miraculous intervention of God will be necessary finally to vanquish him and his followers. I am greatly interested in this matter and would welcome your opinion of the above.—A. S., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

We very much doubt the prudence of airing these alleged private revelations in the public press. In certain minds they raise doubts and difficulties which are not conducive to either faith or morals. That there will come before the last and terrible day of the Lord a person who will be the great Anti-Christ appears to be sufficiently clear from the New Testament. But who this person will be and in what year of the world he will arise are matters which are shrouded in the deepest kind of obscurity. We suggest that you do not bother your head about such details as those given in the above question, but rather rest secure in your faith in God and in the Church which He established—the Church against which the gates of hell shall never prevail. In a wider sense there are even now many anti-Christians in the world, for every one who denies Jesus Christ and repudiates His doctrine may be called an anti-Christ, as you may see in St. John's First Epistle. Our immediate concern should be to resist the machinations of those who would destroy the Christian culture and name, the most powerful leader of which

at the moment is Communism. But it is not the only one. There are molders of public opinion who would repudiate the name of Communism, but who are nevertheless doing their share towards the destruction of the Christian ideal.

St. Raphael

Would you please tell me something of the life of St. Raphael? Also where can I obtain a book of prayer to this saint?—C. H., NEWARK, N. J.

The only St. Raphael we know is the Archangel. He is one of the three angels honored by the Church. The best "life" of the saint is found in the Book of Tobias in the Bible. His feast day is October 24th. Try the Catholic book stores for devotions to him.

Genuflecting With Right Knee

Why is it customary to bend the right knee when genuflecting?—B. F., VILLA MARIE, PA.

Genuflecting is one of the devotional practices which has come down from early Christian times. It expresses humility, penitence, petition and adoration. It is natural for man to express the sentiments of his soul by external acts. Perhaps the reason why the right knee instead of the left is used is because most people are right-handed and their knees follow suit.

Visits to Seven Churches: Indulgences: Protestants and Sanctifying Grace

(1) What is the origin of the visits to the Blessed Sacrament in seven churches on Holy Thursday? (2) Is there an indulgence for so doing and do we derive as much benefit from visiting the Blessed Sacrament on Holy Thursday in one church, provided we spend as much time in one as in seven? (3) If our degree of happiness in heaven depends on the amount of sanctifying grace in our souls at death, how is the fate of Protestants, who have no means of obtaining such grace, determined?—EAST BOSTON, MASS.

(1) The *Raccolta*, or collection of indulgences, says that the custom of visiting the seven principal churches in Rome is "of most ancient institution." These churches are, St. Peter's; St. Paul, St. Laurence and St. Sebastian outside the walls; St. John Lateran; Holy Cross in Jerusalem; and St. Mary Major.

(2) From ancient times spiritual favors had been granted by the Roman Pontiffs to those who visited and prayed in the above Roman basilicas. The Sacred Penitentiary on January 15, 1935, issued a decree clarifying the question of what indulgences could be gained and how they are to be gained. Those who receive the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist may gain a plenary indulgence at each basilica. All seven are to be visited in one day, that is from the noon of one day to midnight of the following day. In each basilica one must recite before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament the *Pater Noster*, *Ave Maria* and *Gloria* five times, and one *Pater*, *Ave* and *Gloria* in addition for the intentions of the Holy Father. Outside the City of Rome, those who visit seven churches or public oratories in the places where they live, and say the above prayers, may gain a partial indulgence of ten years, and a plenary indulgence, if besides making the visits they receive the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist. These visits and indulgences are not limited to Holy Thursday. (*Homiletic and Pastoral Review*, May 1935).

(3) Protestants and other heretics and schismatics, who are in inculpable ignorance of their errors, can be saved, provided they live according to their lights and keep the Ten Commandments. Though Protestants lack many of the means of sanctification enjoyed by Catholics, such as the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist, they may still merit sanctifying grace by prayer and the performance of good works. It may well be that many God-fearing Protestants who live according to their consciences will have more sanctifying grace in their souls at the moment of death than many lax and indifferent Catholics.

Papal Tiara

A non-Catholic told me that the Pope wears a hat on which are some figures or letters and that they have a meaning of some kind. As I had never heard of this I was at a loss what to say. Please explain this.—M. W., PITTSBURGH, PA.

What your friend probably referred to is the Papal tiara. (The word is from the Persian language meaning a royal head-covering). It is a round bulbous hat about 15 inches high, made of cloth-of-silver and enriched by three crowns of gold. Two lappets hang from the back and the whole is decorated with many precious stones. (The back cover of the June, 1937, issue of *THE SIGN* shows the Papal tiara, with the present Pope's coat-of-arms). The tiara is a head-covering proper to the Roman Pontiff, at least in the Latin Church. He wears it at his coronation and on other solemn non-liturgical occasions. When the Pope pontificates as a Bishop, he wears a mitre, like other Bishops. The origin of the tiara is uncertain and its significance is variously interpreted. Some think that it signifies the spiritual powers of teaching, ruling and sanctifying, which he possesses as the successor of St. Peter. There are no letters or figures whatever on the tiara; hence there is no ground for the absurd canard which arose in the days of the Reformation that these letters make out the number, six hundred sixty-six, which, according to the Apocalypse (Revelations), is "the number of the beast." (Chapter 13, verse 18). No intelligent Protestant entertains such ridiculous notions today. Using the same extravagant method of numerology followed by the followers of Martin Luther, extreme Catholic apologists in Reformation days made out that Luther was "the beast" mentioned in the Apocalypse.

Having Mass Said and Assisting At Mass

I offered a stipend to have a Mass said, hoping for a favor. I was told by a Catholic friend that I would obtain the favor sooner, if I got up early and went to Mass and received Holy Communion. Which procedure is the more efficacious?—W. A., NEW YORK, N. Y.

By this time, perhaps, you are able to judge whether the offering of the stipend and the celebration of the Mass for your special intention obtained the favor asked of God.

It is not given to us to decide which of the many means of petition are the more efficacious in individual instances. Objectively, the offering of Mass is the most efficacious of all petitions, for it is the unbloody renewal of the Sacrifice of Calvary. But when you bring in the subjective or personal element, other modes of petition may be more effective when united to the Mass. If, for instance, a person with means and leisure makes the usual offering for a Mass of petition for a special favor, and does nothing to enter into the spirit of Mass, we

believe that he would be more quickly heard by God if he made a sacrifice of his ease and performed some hardship for the same intention, such as the one suggested. God always takes into account the personal worthiness or unworthiness of the petitioner. The practice of religion is not a mechanical business, but a work of the whole man. The very idea of the Mass connotes sacrifice. The greater spirit of sacrifice we manifest, the more reason have we to expect the favors we seek.

Mrs. Simpson and Her Freedom To Marry

On page 186 of the October issue of your esteemed magazine, in the review of "Ordeal in England" occurs this statement: "Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson, who, with all due respects to the Archbishops of Canterbury, was never married, etc." This is quite interesting, as I have been told that this lady could be married in the Catholic Church, if she and the Duke were converted, because both her first and second husbands were divorced at the time she married them. What must be thought about this?—K. B., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Civil divorce causes many complicated matrimonial affairs. The above case is an instance. Concerning the Duke and his partner we know nothing except what we read in the newspapers. But we remember having read in a Catholic weekly that Mrs. Simpson's first two marriages were with men who had already been divorced. If their first marriages were true marriages, civil divorce could not dissolve the bonds and give them freedom to marry Mrs. Simpson. In Catholic teaching marriage by virtue of the natural and Divine laws is indissoluble, internally and externally. It cannot be dissolved by the agreement of the parties, nor by the authority of civil law. If Mrs. Simpson's previous marriages were invalid, she would be free to marry again; at least she would be free from the impediment of an existing marriage. This is the theoretical view of the case. What the facts are is another question.

Can Catholic Marry Divorced Non-Catholic? Divorced Catholic?

(1) Can a Catholic marry a divorced non-Catholic, who married another non-Catholic before a civil official and later divorced his partner because of adultery? W. S., NEW YORK, N. Y. (2) Is it possible for a good-living Catholic to marry a Catholic who has been divorced and have the marriage performed by a Catholic priest? Isn't there some dispensation, if the divorced party has logical reasons for obtaining same?—BOSTON, MASS.

(1) It is well to be advised that marriage by the natural and Divine laws is indissoluble, as we said elsewhere in this issue. The Catholic Church does not admit that a civil divorce can sever the bond of any true marriage, and give the parties freedom to marry again. If the parties were baptized and the marriage was consummated, it cannot be dissolved by any human power. Only the death of one party gives the other party the right to marry again. Therefore, adultery does not furnish ground for a divorce from the bond, though it does constitute ground for separation.

Non-Catholics, when they marry among themselves, may marry validly before any authorized official appointed to preside at marriages, whether they are civil or religious officials. Their marriages are presumed to be valid by the Catholic Church. Consequently, if the divorced party is partner to a true marriage, his civil divorce does not sever the bond of this marriage and he has no freedom to marry again during the life-time

of the other party. It is not the civil divorce which is the determining factor in such a case, but the character of his marriage.

(2) The above statement holds even more strongly for Catholics. If their marriage is a true marriage, civil divorce cannot sever its bond. If there was an invalidating impediment affecting the parties, such as the lack of proper form, that is not marrying before an authorized priest and at least two witnesses, the marriage is invalid. The diocesan matrimonial court could declare it null and void and the civil divorce would be allowed, in order to escape civil penalties. The question to be decided, as in the first case, is the quality of the marriage, not the civil divorce.

It is a matter of grave concern to this department to receive so many letters from Catholics, especially girls and young women, who inquire about the possibility of marrying divorced men. In the case of non-Catholics, they should remember that the Church most severely forbids mixed marriages, whether the non-Catholics are baptized or unbaptized, whether involved in divorce or not. Mixed marriages at best are a cause of much unhappiness to the parties and of much leakage in the Church. Company-keeping with non-Catholics, especially when they are divorced, usually constitutes a grave moral danger both to faith and morals. Many priests hold that Catholics are obligated to make known such an association in the confessional, as those are bound to do who are in the free and proximate danger of grave sin. It has often been a cause of wonder to us why Catholic girls "fall" for divorced men, especially non-Catholics. Why is it? Are there so few eligible Catholic men that they must seek for husbands among non-Catholics? or is it because non-Catholics, especially if divorced, exert some kind of irresistible "charm"? If it's "charm," experience proves that it doesn't wear well.

We offer this suggestion. If a Catholic is beginning to "fall in love" with a free non-Catholic, let him or her mention this to the confessor; if the non-Catholic is a divorced person, let the Catholic who is "interested" take him (or her) to the rectory and put the matter up to the Rev. Pastor. This is much better than writing to an Editor who can only quote the principles involved.

Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes

Is Mrs. Marie Belloc-Lowndes a Catholic? Somehow the hyphenated name and the general tone of her stories make me wonder if she is.—RICHMOND, VA.

Mrs. Marie Belloc-Lowndes is the sister of Hilaire Belloc and is listed in the English *Catholic Who's Who*.

John The Baptist Not Founder of Baptist Church

In a recent discussion I was told that St. John the Baptist, Our Lord's Apostle, was the founder of the Baptist Church. This doesn't sound right to me.—T. P., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Baptist denomination was founded by one John Smith around 1600, A. D. He was at one time pastor of a church at Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, England, which had separated from the Church of England. In 1606 he and his flock fled to Amsterdam, Holland, in order to escape persecution. He died in 1612. This is quite a long time after the death of St. John the Baptist. Baptists call themselves by this name because they teach that only Baptism by immersion is valid. St. John, by the way, was not our Lord's Apostle, but His Precursor, or forerunner. He died before the Church was established.

December, 1937

Letters

LETTERS should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

PLEAS FOR REMAILED LITERATURE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

When the sun is down and the work finished for the day it is such a wonderful relaxation to read. But the few magazines to be found in a mission-station have been read and re-read. Chancing upon a copy of *THE SIGN* I thought it extremely interesting: the articles, the snappy letters, the wise and witty Categoricals.

Do you know anyone among your readers who would be willing to part with his copy and send it to me after he has read it? Other magazines would also be appreciated.

CATHOLIC MISSION,
KAKAMEGA, P.O.,
KENYA COLONY, BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

L. SOMERS.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I appeal to the Catholic hearts of your readers and their generous love of the missions. We are greatly in need of Catholic magazines, papers, pamphlets, etc., for distribution in this mission field which has been infected by the Aglipayan schism. In fact the principal town is one of their strongholds. Since these people read only calumnies and attacks against the Catholic Church in their weekly papers, I must have Catholic literature to combat the enemies of the truth. Copies of *THE SIGN* and other magazines will be deeply appreciated.

CATHOLIC MISSION,
BANGUI, ILOCOS NORTE, P.I.

REV. ANGEL C. SORIA.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Our Sisters visit the public wards of non-sectarian hospitals, alms houses, etc., and supply the inmates with reading matter. They are very grateful for this, as it helps them to pass pleasantly many a dreary hour.

We are in need of more Catholic literature and ask you to kindly request your readers to send us their old copies of *THE SIGN* if they are not disposing of them in some other way.

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT,
TOWSON P.O., MARYLAND.

THE MISSION HELPERS.

Editor's Note: The above letters are typical of worthy and urgent appeals for the remailing of Catholic literature. These requests come to us from all over the world. The apostolate of the press can be extended by those who will take an active interest in forwarding to missionaries and institutions copies of Catholic magazines, papers, pamphlets, etc. Direct subscriptions for these missionaries are also very welcome.

In an effort to assist in this apostolate of remailing, we are listing herewith some of the names and addresses which have been sent to us:

Rev. Thomas McNamara, S.S.J., St. Francis Xavier Church, Baton Rouge, La.

Catholic Chaplain, U.S. Marine Hospital, Carville, La.
John Monaghan, State Prison Farm, Leesburg, N. J.
Rev. Wm. Margerum, N. J. State Hospital, Trenton, N. J.
Rev. Robert Booth, Clinton Prison, Dannemora, N. Y.
Catholic Chaplain, P.O. Box 244, Graterford, Montgomery Co., Pa.

Rev. John Groell, St. James Church, Edgemont, So. Dakota.

The Rev. Chaplain, St. Anthony's Hospital, Amarillo, Texas.

Rev. C. V. Schrimf, P.O. Box 95, Humboldt, Tenn.

Sister Gertrude, Holy Cross Academy, Lynchburg, Va.

St. Mary's Hospital, P.O. Box 181, Sparta, Wis.

Mt. St. Vincent Hospital, Halifax, Canada.

Brother F. R. Sauer, Waseda University, Tokio, Japan.

Rev. C. G. Albano, Bacarra, Ilocos Norte, Philippine Islands.

Mother M. Laurent, Catholic School, San Fernando—La Union, Ph. I.

Rev. Francis Battaglia, S. J., St. Mary's College, Kurseong, D.H. Ry., India.

Rev. Philip Kongari, Gholeng Mission, Jashpur State, Via Ranchi, India.

Rev. P. B. Xavier, St. John's Seminary, Nellore, British India.

Rev. Father Dominic, Punalur P.O., So. Travancore, British India.

Rev. Father Arnold, P.O. Neyyattinkara, So. Travancore, British India.

Dr. P. C. Varghese, Leper Colony, Adur P. O. Travancore, South India.

Rev. Thomas Thalachira, St. Joseph Apostolic Seminary, Alwaye P.O., South India.

Catholic Students' Literary Association, Changancherry, Travancore, South India.

Rev. Peter Pillai, O. M. I., St. Peter's College, Bambalapitiya, Colombo, Ceylon.

RESURRECTION IN SPAIN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have been wanting to tell you how deeply moving I found Aileen O'Brien's "Hail, Christ of the Forsaken." Indeed, I confess I read most of it through tears. . . . It seems to me that if such a story could be as widely publicized as it should be, it would annihilate all the cynicism and sentimentality of books like *Life and Death in a Spanish Town*. For what it paints with powerful simplicity is Resurrection in a Spanish Town!

Of course I was delighted also with M. Baisier's article on Henri Gheon—and exceedingly interested in Catherine de Hueck's "Spirit of New Spain." Altogether *THE SIGN* is doing notable things these days.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Allow me to congratulate you on your remarkable and most splendid Catholic publication. Every issue is a veritable spiritual and literary banquet. "Hail, Christ of the Forsaken" is about the most soul-stirring account of the power of grace I ever encountered. I wish your magazine could find its way into every home. How it would influence our good Catholic people to clearer thinking, the greatest need of the present! Your excellent articles on the Spanish situation contribute much to assuage my rightful ire aroused by the muddled, mutilated and mischievous accounts of our anti-Christian Masonic secular press.

Your new type and typographical arrangement is a distinct and pleasing improvement.

RICHARDTON, N. DAK.

AMANDUS A. STUDER, O.S.B.

A CATHOLIC DAILY—SMALL BEGINNINGS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have read with the greatest interest the letters in your magazine concerning the possibility of a Catholic daily. It is a standing disgrace that the Christian Scientists can put out as excellent a daily as their *Monitor* and we Catholics do not even support our weeklies and monthlies. Yet with a world organization such as we have we should be much better placed for securing accurate information than others, and we can do it at less cost. We do not have to begin with a million dollar corporation; we could buy out one of the many small printing plants for sale and for the first year turn out perhaps only an eight-page paper. We might even be able to get a certain number of volunteer workers—enthusiastic young men such as those who give their time to the *Catholic Worker*. Catholic professors and journalists would willingly donate their spare time. I think that the expense of the undertaking has been greatly exaggerated. Obviously we cannot put out a second *New York Times*, but we can put out a small and interesting sheet covering the events of the day.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WALTER J. MARX.

MARXIST INFLUENCE IN INDIA

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I thank you for your kindness in interesting someone in subscribing to *THE SIGN* for me. It is truly a mystery to me how you manage to produce such a fine paper at so moderate a price! The articles by Catherine de Hueck should do much good. They have certainly given us many a valuable tip for our future work.

In one of your numbers you referred to Jawaharlal Nehru—President of the Indian National Congress—as “the leader of the Independence Party.” This is quite true. But in an independence-loving country like America this phrase is only a half-truth, and he will come to be regarded as a sort of Indian George Washington, combating British Imperialism, etc.

Let us see what he offers India. I quote from *Letters From Rome* (June 20th). “He considers Communism the panacea of today, especially for his own loved India. He would save the East by Western Marxism.” From his autobiography: “Russia, following the great Lenin, looked into the future and thought only of what was to be, whilst other countries lay numbed under the dead hand of the past and spent their energy in preserving the useless relics of a bygone age.” In his view the mistakes committed by Soviet Russia prove nothing against “the soundness of the theory of Communism.”

“Nehru has, as President of the Congress, made many statements which show clearly that he is working not only for the complete independence of India, but also for the introduction of a Leninist Communism adapted to the conditions of his country.” (*Letters*)

He has no religious convictions: “I find the problems of this life sufficiently absorbing to fill my mind. The usual religious outlook does not concern itself with this world. It deliberately or unconsciously shuts its eyes to reality lest reality may not fit in with its preconceived notions.” Throughout his book he shows a distinct bias against religion.

In an address last year a Bishop of South India said: “No one can deny that the Nehrus (there are two in the limelight) are ardent patriots who have willingly sacrificed on the altar of the Motherland all they hold

dear. Nevertheless it is regrettable that Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru should have thought it fit to import into our land the ideals of Communist Russia.” Later the same Bishop made a stronger statement to the effect that, as an Indian, he was wholeheartedly with Nehru in his struggle for independence, but as a Catholic he had to oppose, with all authority, his Communistic aims and ideals.

Christianity, and especially Catholicism, is in for a tough time if Congress gets control. Open persecution we need hardly fear, but subjection to various crippling disabilities by way of school supervision and the curtailing of missionary activities, is certainly on the program. Catholics in India must face the old, old problem—a choice between exaggerated nationalism and their Faith. May God help us to teach them to choose rightly!

PAPAL SEMINARY, KANDY, CEYLON. FRANK RAWCLIFFE.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Would that I had a pen eloquent enough to praise worthily the booklet, *Confidence in God*! I could not help reflecting, as I read it, how the so-called great religious leaders have demanded absolute confidence in themselves. History has witnessed how they betrayed it.

When Luther, Knox and company seceded, they embraced a narrow God of hate and ugliness. As time passed men desired beauty, and our “separated brethren” borrowed of our ritual, art and architecture. But we, too, suffered. Associating, as most of us do in our daily lives with these “rebels,” we imbibed an unwholesome fear of God. Forgotten were the years when simple fishermen walked with confidence in the Master.

The Imitation (deleted sometimes) appeals to men of good will of many faiths. A simple *Confidence in God* can appeal to Moslem, Jew or Christian. Please God may they yet enjoy full confidence. Thanks again for publishing *Confidence in God*.

CANTON, OHIO.

EDW. J. KURETH.

GOOD WILL TOWARDS PROTESTANTS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

This is the first time I have written to *THE SIGN*, although I have been a constant and delighted reader of your high class publication for some ten years.

My purpose in writing at this time is in the interest of constructive criticism. The first article on your page “Woman to Woman” by Katherine Burton in the October issue of *THE SIGN* attempts to show what is wrong with “the whole Protestant setup” to use her own words. Taking for granted the fact that “the whole Protestant setup” is wrong and gradually going to pot, it appears to me that Miss Burton’s choice of Stanley High’s article “Why I Go to Church” and her quotations from it, to prove her contention were most unhappy ones.

I read Stanley High’s article when it was current back in September, and it occurred to me that if all the people who professed to be Protestants thought and acted as he does, Protestantism as a whole would be progressing rapidly. To use Miss Burton’s own words again, “Stanley High is certainly one of the most reasonable, sensible and sincere of present-day Protestants.”

It occurred to me, too, that Stanley High must be a reasonable, sensible and sincere Protestant and the quotation of his article, in part only, by Miss Burton to prove her contention seemed rather distasteful to

me. For example, she quotes him as follows: "I go to church for the same reason that I go to the theatre—because I get something out of it." Why doesn't Miss Burton give him the benefit of his next five words "What I get is different." To my mind these last five words contain the whole thought Mr. High wished to convey. That is, he obtained peace of mind and hope from going to church, even as I, as a Catholic, strive to get in going to church.

During these days when our Catholic clergy bitterly upbraid the secular press for quotations in part which do not give the full meaning of the whole context, and urge their congregation to read Catholic publications, let us be fair and give a sincere Protestant the benefit of his whole statement.

NEWARK, N. J.

WILLIAM F. BENEDICT.

CONDITIONS IN SPAIN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The enthusiasm here in Nationalist Spain is great. The people are not only enjoying peace and plenty, but have already done more constructive work than had been done in all the years since the Dictatorship. I hope it will continue when the war ends. It would end now, if it were not for the hypocrisy of France and the selfishness of Britain. Russia could do little more if England put down her foot and told France to close the frontier and also not allow Russia to use French territory for sending help. England knows that Franco is going to win—has won. But she wants a weak Spain and does not want Franco to win easily or soon. The longer the war lasts, the weaker Spain will be at its end, and the more difficult to reconstruct. This is the opinion of Spaniards and foreigners here. It was my own even before I left America.

SEVILLE, SPAIN.

(REV.) OWEN B. MCGUIRE.

AGE OF CHILDREN AND EASTER DUTY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The Sign-Post is of such a consistently high standard, that it is with some reluctance that I write to call your attention to what I consider an error in the October issue, page 175, with reference to the duty of parents and pastors in regard to children and the Easter Precept.

According to the Code of Canon Law, in so far as the question of age as a requisite for the imposition of the Paschal Precept is concerned, it is the attainment of the use of reason which is the determining factor. (Canon 859). In replying to an inquiry of the Archbishop of New York in this matter, the Pontifical Commission for the Authentic Interpretation of the Code took care to make more impressive what was considered to be already a clear statement of the law. (Clinton, *The Paschal Precept*, p. 52). According to the Canon Law and the interpretation officially given, a child of five who has attained the use of reason is obligated by the law and a child who is even ten years of age, but who lacks the use of reason, is not obligated. (*ibid*).

If a child is in danger of death and has acquired the use of reason, it suffices that the child be able to distinguish the Eucharist from ordinary bread. (Jorio, *La Comunione Agl'Infermi*, p. 11).

Ordinarily, however, the child is to receive a fuller knowledge and more careful preparation, so that the child may know the truths necessary as absolute means of salvation in a way appropriate to the child's mind

and may be able to receive the Eucharist with the devotion conformable to its age. (Canon 854, n. 3).

The terminology of the *Quam Singulari* in this regard was interpreted by some authorities in such a way that all preparation for First Communion could take place in a few days, or even a few hours. (Schulz, *A Manual of Pastoral Theology*). Perhaps this opinion was gained because the *Quam Singulari*, n. 11, stated "the child, however, afterwards must learn the whole catechism gradually in a way accommodated to its intelligence." (*Fontes C.I.C.*, Vol. V, p. 84). Some authorities claim that the Code intended to check such extreme interpretations of the law stated in the *Quam Singulari*. (Vermeersch-Creusen, *Epitome Juris Canonici*, 11, n. 118; Noldin-Schmidt, *De Sacramentis*, 111, n. 139; Clinton, *ibid*, p. 56).

Until the child has received appropriate instruction, it is excused from the obligation of the law. (Cerato, *L'Agitata Quaest. sulla etadel*, etc. p. 8). Canon 860, however, reminds parents, guardians, confessors, directors of schools and pastors of the obligation incumbent on them to see that the children, who have reached the age of reason comply with the Paschal Precept. The parents and confessor decide on the fitness of the child to receive Holy Communion. Parents, confessors and pastors, who fail to attend to the child's fulfillment of the Paschal Precept, when it has attained the use of reason, are gravely culpable. Card. Gennari, *Il Monitore Eccles*, 11, n. 427, 1910; Ferrerres, *Razon y Fe*, LI, 522, 1910; Clinton, *ibid*, p. 62 et seq.).

NEW YORK N. Y.

CANONICUS.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

M.F.E., Salem, Mass.; M.D., New York, N.Y.; A.B., Elizabeth, N.J.; T.H., Forest Hills, Mass.; M.P.H., McKeesport, Pa.; M.L.N., Brooklyn, N.Y.; M.J., Dorchester, Mass.; A.V.P., New York, N.Y.; A.M.G., Arlington Heights, Mass.; O.E.F., West New York, N.J.; M.D., Pittsburgh, Pa.; M.J.H., Beckley, W.Va.; E.W., New York, N.Y.; M.F.G., Saranac Lake, N.Y.; M.C.H., Gloucester City, N.J.; M.M.B., Watertown, Mass.; E.A.G., Katonah, N.Y.; L.F., New York, N.Y.; M.C., Elgin, Ill.; L.J.L., Richmond Hill, N.Y.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Blessed Virgin Mary, M.C.C., Cincinnati, O.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, Our Lady of Prompt Succor, S.M.V., Mason City, Iowa; St. Joseph, Blessed Virgin, A.M., Thogg's Neck, N.Y.; Souls in Purgatory, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, N.N.L., Cleveland, O.; St. Antoninus, M.J.L., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Poor Souls, M.J.H.M., Baltimore, Md.; Sacred Heart, B.Z., St. Louis, Mo.; Blessed Mother, K.T.C., Jeannette, Pa.; St. Benedict, St. Blaise, G.D., McKeesport, Pa.; Blessed Mother, M.P.F., Saranac Lake, N.Y.; Sacred Heart, Guardian Angel, M.R.R.J., San Jose, Calif.; Poor Souls, M.K., Cincinnati, O.; Blessed Virgin, M.G., Akron, O.; Blessed Virgin, M.C.L., Washington, D.C.; Blessed Virgin, Sacred Heart, St. Paul, St. Gabriel, M.F.K., Port Richmond, S.I.; St. Joseph, St. Philomena, S.M.R., Rochester, N.Y.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, C.T.W., Narberth, Pa.; Sacred Heart, A.S.K., Cincinnati, O.; Little Flower, M.E., P.R., Middletown, Ky.; Poor Souls, M.J.H.M., Baltimore, Md.; M.B.E., Baldwin, L.I., J.F.D., Brooklyn, N.Y.; M.R., Pittsburgh, Pa.; M.A., Pittsburgh, Pa.; A.G., Dorchester, Mass.; M.C.S., Los Angeles, Calif.; F.B., Dubuque, Iowa; I.M.D., San Francisco, Calif.; M.McA., Cambridge, Mass.; M.J.M., Franklin, N.J.; M.A.R., Chicago, Ill.; M.H.K., Rochester, N.Y.

At the End of the Road

By J. K. LYONS

THE Christmas candle in the cottage window beckoned to the tall stranger as he picked his way over the uneven pathway.

When he knocked at the door and a voice bade him to enter, he shook the snow from his clothes and went in.

"Thanks for your kindly welcome," he said to the young woman who was poking the turf fire in the kitchen.

Kate McCarthy started up at the sight of her visitor. She rubbed her hands nervously in her apron, and straightened her hair.

"Sure, you are welcome indeed, my good man—mighty welcome. Everybody is welcome on Christmas Eve. Come on in. Won't you be sittin' down?" She pulled over a chair for him. "We always leave the door open on Christmas Eve night," she said chattily when he was seated, recovering some of her composure. "It's a custom in these parts, so that whoever may be going the roads will find more than the Holy Family did that night in Bethlehem—something to eat and a place to rest."

"It's a very holy thought," smiled the other. "I appreciate it, because when I arrived in Clonvo tonight I found that the only hotel was full, and I was straying around until the candle in your window directed me here."

"It's good to hear you say that," said Kate. "And now make yourself at home. I'll be tellin' himself that you are here. He is upstairs, puttin' the children asleep. Ah, there you are, John"—as her husband appeared at the top of the stairs at the back of the kitchen.

"I heard someone comin' up the path," said John when he came down. "I knew it was a stranger because I didn't recognize the step. You're very welcome, my good friend. I couldn't come down sooner for fear that I'd awaken the children. They're expecting Father Christmas and they're all excited, God bless them. But aren't you puttin' on the kettle, Kate, to make the man a cup of tea?"

"I am, indeed," said his wife, stirring up the fire again.

"Pull your chair in closer to the heat," said John to their visitor, setting the example himself.

Mrs. McCarthy spread a cloth over

the table and took down the best delft from a dresser in a corner of the kitchen; she bustled between the fireplace, where she wet the tea, and the table where she cut up slices of home-baked bread, while the two men chatted about the weather, crops and the world in general.

"It's only rough and ready," she said, when they sat over to the table, "but I hope you'll enjoy it."

"Indeed, I'm sure I will," their guest smiled. "You've made me feel so much at home already—and it's such a long time since I ate griddle-baked bread."

The meaningful remark made the others look up at him sharply, but at a glance from her husband, Mrs. McCarthy refrained from asking the question that was rippling on the tip of her tongue. At odd moments during the meal, however, she studied the lean face so sharply lined, the gray hair sparse at the temples, and wondered what secret lay behind the dull, tired eyes.

"It has been most enjoyable," said the stranger when they had finished the meal, "and you deserve to be congratulated on your baking. And now, if you don't mind, I would like to smoke."

"There's nothing I like better myself," agreed John, pulling out a well-burned briar.

They sat near the fire while Kate cleared the table. When she had finished she drew over a chair beside them, and for a long time all three stared into the glowing turf without speaking.

"HAVE you lived here long?" the stranger asked, suddenly.

"About ten or twelve years," answered John, after a moment's thought. His wife affirmed with a nod, and he went on: "We came here to care for my father's sister at the end of her days—Queer Molly she used to be called, because she was a bit odd in her ways."

"It had something to do with an old love affair, we were told," his wife broke in. "When she was young, she was in love with a local lad who went away to seek his fortune in other lands. She never married, always hoping that he would come back, and even up to the end—when she was blind and could scarcely stir

about—she used to talk about him to herself."

There was a heavy silence for a while, and then their guest spoke again.

"Was the lad's name Tom Donovan, do you know?"

The McCarthys looked at each other sharply and then John said: "Yes, that was his name. But how did you—?"

The stranger smiled, faintly.

"I've known him for a good many years. Would you like to hear his story?"

John and his wife drew in closer to him.

* * *

FATHER TIERNEY WAS smiling while his grip tightened on Tom Donovan's arm.

"I don't say that you are wrong, boy. You are young and healthy and full of ambition. I suppose it is only natural that you should want to see what the world is like."

"I feel so cramped here, Father," said Tom. "The monotony of every day gets on my nerves. I want to get at grips with something big."

"I'm sure that you will succeed, too," put in Father Tierney, easily. "You've good stuff in you, pluck and determination. But don't think, Tom, that mere material success means everything in the world. You might do great things, amass great wealth and still not be as happy as Larry O'Brien beyond there digging his potatoes, the simplest, the poorest, and yet the most contented man in Clonvo. But as your mind is made up, I will not refuse you my blessing. I hope that it will keep you from harm all through your life. There's just one thing, Tom—a piece of advice I would like to give you. You see this road?"

Tom nodded and the old priest went on: "It has been the guiding rule of my life. It's long and straight and narrow. You'll remember that?"

Tom said that he understood.

"There's just one thing more, boy—what about Molly McCarthy?"

Tom blushed. "She is going to wait for me until I come back—whether it's long or short. So she says, anyway."

"I'm glad to hear that," Father



"Have you lived here long?" the stranger asked suddenly.

Tierney laughed. "Molly is a good girl and she deserves a good husband. But don't leave it off too long, because I would like to preside at the ceremony—and I am getting older every day. Good-by, Tom, and good luck and God bless you."

With a last pressure on the young man's arm, Father Tierney went back to his garden. . . .

Molly took the pail of milk from Tom at the top of the lane which led up to her father's house.

For more than half an hour they had been walking, scarcely exchanging a word, each deep in thought.

Tom caught her hand as she took the pail.

"It's such a lovely day, Molly, and you look so sad that I feel guilty of murder. Smile just once—I want to remember you by it."

The sunlight was playing on her hair, wreathing her face in burnished gold.

"I won't go to the station tonight, Tom. I'll say good-by now."

Tom caught her and kissed her warmly.

"You'll write often, Tom?"

"I will—every chance I get. And I won't wait until I've made a dozen fortunes before I return to marry you."

He kissed her again, and walked off quickly down the uneven road-way.

Molly watched him until he disappeared from sight. . . .

Tom Donovan struck luck in a peculiar way on his fourth day of seeking work on the docks of New York.

While he was watching a cargo boat being unloaded, and the men who were streaming from the boat's hold carrying heavy sacks, he had an idea which prompted him to line up in the queue awaiting the next turn. He followed them on to the boat, heaved a sack on his back and strode down the gangway to the shore. He was carrying the load with an ease which surprised himself when a shout from the quayside almost made him let it fall. He found himself looking into the face of a ganger, who was swearing at him wildly.

TOM was unperturbed before the other's threats.

"I wanted to see if I could carry one of these sacks," he said.

The ganger wiped the sweat off his face with a rough hand; he subsided like a pricked balloon.

"Could you give me a job, sir? I'm not afraid of hard work. I'm used to it."

The ganger, glaring at Tom and trying to shake off the effects of the shock, said something about reporting to him, if he wished, at eight

o'clock on the following morning.

Tom thanked him, heaved the sack further up on his shoulder and carried it into the store, the while the ganger stared after him with awe.

That night Tom wrote a glowing account of the day's adventure to Molly.

"It's only a small beginning, but it's a start anyhow," he wrote with enthusiasm.

There was a surprise for Tom next morning when he presented himself for work.

The ganger called down from a loft that the boss wanted to see him.

Tom looked about to see whom he was addressing; but there was nobody else near.

"Yep, you, wry face. In his office at ten o'clock."

"Who is the boss? Where's his office?" asked Tom.

"Mr. Bladstowe—over there," shouted the ganger, nodding at nowhere in particular.

Mr. Bladstowe, Managing Director of Messrs. Bladstowe & Co., Importers and Exporters, New York, Paris and London, was expecting Tom.

He offered him a chair, and chatted for a few minutes.

Tom told him all about himself. "You were surprised when you were told that I wished to see you this morning," said Mr. Bladstowe,

as he leaned back in his chair. "Well, it was quite by accident that I was on the quayside yesterday afternoon and saw what happened. It certainly tickled me the way you went after that job, and I have a hunch that I can use you here. What do you say to a job in my office?"

Tom pinched himself to make sure that he was awake, and the pinch hurt.

"I'm—I'm very grateful, sir."

Mr. Bladstowe got up from his chair.

"We may consider that settled. You will report to my secretary on your way out."

That night Tom slipped another letter for Molly into the mail-box at the end of the street where he lived.

"In one day I have climbed several rungs of the ladder, Molly, and I am going on right up to the top," he wrote.

* * *

TEN years laid a heavy hand on Tom. His hair had grayed at the temples and there were deep lines across his face. But he had changed more in other ways. His boyish irascibility was gone; the spirit of adventure in him had been tamed. He had become a hard-headed business man, scrupulously honest and logically exacting. Whenever he drove a hard bargain, he laughed and said that in his home town there was a street that was long and straight and narrow.

Now he was Assistant Manager of Bladstowe & Co.

More than half way up the ladder which he had set himself out to climb, Tom did not write to tell Molly of his advancement. He had gotten out of the habit of writing to her. At first he had excused himself on the score of pressing business contracts. And when he thought about the matter again, he decided that she would have no place in the new scheme of things. He was moving in a circle which would not receive her except by lowering himself, and that thought had chilled him so much that he had banished Molly rudely from his mind.

But there was no other woman in his life. He avoided women because they were a drag on him when he was so anxious to keep on going up.

When Mr. Bladstowe died, Tom Donovan was made Managing Director of the firm.

He was on the way to becoming a very rich man.

But he was still not satisfied. There were heights in the commercial life of New York that he desired to scale.

He continued to step up, and at sixty-five he was one of the most in-

fluential business men in the city.

Then tragedy came. One morning, on the way to business, his automobile skidded on a greasy patch of road. . . .

For weeks, doctors hovered about his bed like pale white ghosts.

Ever so slowly the mist cleared away from before his eyes. The pain in his bruised body gradually eased. The doctors did not have to tell him that he was lucky to be alive.

And as he lay in his soft, white bed, his mind wandered back through the years.

He could almost feel the grip of the old priest on his shoulder.

He remembered what Father Tierney had said about Larry O'Brien, "the simplest, the poorest, and the most contented man in Clonvo."

Molly McCarthy. . . .

Tom weighed up what he had won and lost. He realized that Father Tierney had been right.

When he was convalescent, he shocked his doctor who suggested that he should go to Miami to recuperate.

"I am going back to Ireland," he said.

* * *

At this part of his story, the stranger looked up at his hosts.

"I hope that I haven't been boring you."

"No—no, not at all," said John McCarthy. "We have been very interested. But what happened to Tom Donovan?"

Glory of the Manger

By LOUIS J. SANKER

The inn was barred. The stable bare and mean.
Grave Joseph sweeps the shabby floor. Each stain
With scattered straw is neatly overlain—,
For Mary's rest a bed of evergreen.
The placid ox surveys the humble scene,
Complacent with its cud; while safe from rain
The hungry ass consumes the scanty grain
Till manger crib for Baby Christ is clean.

Ashamed I face the Christmas morn. Alas!
My stable soul is soiled, unkempt each stall.
I seek a Star, while tears repentant pass,
And find a Man, a Maid and Jesu small.
Ahl if I claim a place beside the ass
My manger heart may hold the King of all.

The stranger was staring into the fire again.

"Yes, he came back—at Christmas time, when the snow was thick on the ground. Clonvo didn't seem to have changed much in all the years he had been away—the main street was just the same, long and straight and narrow, with the church and the priest's house on the brow of the hill. Matt Flanagan's shop was still there—only the name over the door blurred by the weather, and inside, things were as higgledy-piggledy as they had been fifty years before. He came to find Molly McCarthy, the sweetheart of his youth, the only woman he had ever loved. Molly was dead. But two good people, who lived in her house, welcomed him and made him feel at home. And inside that house he found something which all his money could not buy—real happiness, contentment."

The stranger stood up and was putting on his heavy coat.

The others were powerless to detain him.

"Good-night, my friends, and a very happy Christmas. I thank you for your hospitality. I hope that you will always be as happy as Tom Donovan has found you tonight."

He went out, and down the snow-covered path.

The McCarthys watched him.

"It seems almost like a dream," said Kate, wistfully.

Her husband's arm was tight around her.

Los Pastores: A Christmas Play

At Christmas Time in the Humble Mexican Quarters of Our Southwest, One May Witness a Simple But Inspiring Mystery Play

By AUSTIN J. APP

MISSION BELLS and mission chapels are not the only romantic survivals in our Spanish Southwest of the old culture of the padres. There are songs and legends; there are sayings and customs. And also there is an old miracle play. *Los Pastores* is its name—a play of the shepherds journeying to adore the Infant Saviour in the stable at Bethlehem.

It cannot, of course, like the mission chapels sparkling in the sun, throw its glamour far and wide over the landscape for all to see. Not many of the "Yankees" of even the Southwest have ever seen it, and many do not even know about it. Nevertheless, like the Old Missions, reaching back to the very Conquistadores, it lives on and at Christmas time in the humble Mexican quarters you can see it performed. "It is like some old court garment," says M. R. Cole, who wrote a book about it for the American Folk-Lore Society (*Los Pastores*, p.xvi) "discovered in a forgotten corner, disfigured by stains, rents and coarse patches, but still showing the richness of the original material."

It seems that some forgotten padre in the dim past, about the time the Pilgrims landed in New England, was struggling to teach the Mexican natives the mysteries of the religion he had brought from Spain. And he remembered some of the old *autos sacramentales*, the Spanish miracle plays of Lope de Vega and others before him, and wove what he remembered and invented into the oldest Nativity play of the New World which for all its simplicity has an undoubted charm.

Until recently, it seems never to have been printed or to have received literary notice. But the people apparently took it to their hearts and kept it alive from father to son; and to the oral tradition during several centuries and over territories from Yucatan to Utah, parts, such as lines from Calderon, were added, others were dropped, corrupted or extended, and many versions were developed. All of these versions, however, retained the basic plot and the basic Catholic dogmas of the Fall, the Annunciation, the Divine Birth

and the Redemption, and all of them, too, retained fairly well preserved a few flowers of songs from the great poets of Spain.

We do not know the author or authors, nor exactly where or when it was first performed. We do know, however, that it goes back to the time of the Old Missions and that its roots go still farther back to Spain and Europe, to the great cycles of miracle and morality plays that flourished in England, France, and Spain throughout the Middle Ages. This Christmas play of our Southwest is not a revival of an old custom; it is a survival, a genuine piece of antiquity that is still alive and still annually delights and edifies, and also instructs, many thousands of our humble Mexican brothers-in-the-Faith.

Some evening during the Christmas season, in San Antonio, El Paso, Albuquerque, leave for a few hours the broad avenues and the finer residential districts and venture forth into one of the lowly Mexican quarters. You will notice quaint lanterns over the portals of the huts on the clay or cobbled lanes. These lanterns are signs to the Holy Family that here, if in its search for shelter it knocks, it would find hospitality. You follow along this lane of lanterns till you come upon a portal over which is suspended a star. It is the Star of Bethlehem telling you that within that threshold is the Holy Family at last safely lodged.

ENTERING, you may find a hall or, often, an outdoor court. Since it seems to be the more typical, we here assume the outdoor court, rectangularly squared in by walls and palisade-like fences. It is possibly one-half the size of a tennis court. At your end of the yard you step among a medley of twenty-five to a hundred people—men and women, old and young, a few sitting on crude benches, the rest huddled together standing. There is about them a haze of tobacco smoke and an atmosphere of hushed reverence. The men, usually in overalls, not seldom have serapes (Mexican blankets) about their shoulders and wear

broad-brimmed hats; the women in long skirts have quaint shawls about their heads and sometimes serapes about their shoulders. They are less likely to have shoes than sandals. Their hands and faces show the lines of hard labor and of few comforts. They are poor peasants whom the padres generations ago taught the rudiments of the Faith but who have remained too poor for anyone since to bother helping beyond these simple rudiments.

IN THE centre of the rectangular court is a bonfire, which, along with kerosene lamps about the sides, lights the enclosure. Beyond the bonfire, the other end of the court has in the left corner a fiery cavern. This represents the headquarters of the devils—it is the hell-mouth of the old miracle plays. In the right corner are represented the hills and the stable of Bethlehem, where in tableau, usually of wax images, are the Holy Infant, Mary, Joseph, and the ox and the ass. This bower of the holy manger is gayly bedecked with tinsels and ribbons and streamers. Within the triangle of the bonfire, hell-mouth, and manger, hay and straw lie strewn on the ground constituting the rustic stage.

At about 7:30 a group of about eighteen actors file in two by two. First come the child-angels, Michael and Gabriel, in blue and white, with gold wings and crowns; then Gila the shepherdess-wife, in dress much be-spangled, and a shepherd lad; next about eight shepherds, often in elaborately ruffled pantaloons, fantastic headdress, with streamers about them, carrying huge crooks, five feet high, decorated by paper wrappings of every color; these are followed by the Hermit in a Franciscan habit and a long, venerable white beard, carrying a huge crucifix. Next is His Majesty, Prince Lucifer, his powerful frame dressed in sable, displaying a tail, horns, a black lion's mask, and dagger, sword, and pistols. He is followed, to end the procession, by several other Satanic imps with horns, masks, and tails.

Arrived at the stage end of the



Some of the players in costume at the outdoor "theatre" in which they have just presented "Los Pastores."

court, the Satanic gentry retires to the hell-mouth corner, the angels into the Bethlehem corner, and in the centre the Pastores, or shepherds, sing:

"In Bethlehem's holy manger
There shines a wondrous light."

This Christmas hymn briefly reviews Adam's guilt, the birth of the Saviour, the shepherds' desire to adore Him, and the danger from "Satan, Prince of Hell." As they conclude and fall back to the rear of the stage, his Satanic Majesty steps forward and delivers himself of a bellicose 106-line soliloquy. In this he wrathfully cites the prophecies and indulges in fears and suspicions that the fateful hour of the Saviour's birth has come. If so, he means to find out where and to redouble his "unending war" on man and on the God-man. He really gives a succinct exposition of the scriptural events leading up to the Incarnation. As the shepherds and the Hermit come to the front, he retires to watch.

The shepherd Tebano excitedly announces that an angel band before Bethlehem had given him tidings "of a Maid, a miracle of loveli-

ness." The shepherds decide to make the long journey to the manger to adore the Child and in a joyful mood launch into a 68-line ballad. After this valiant start they are "famished" with hunger, and little Gila, who plays the part of Bartolo's wife, sets about to prepare them a supper of tamales and kid. As they start eating, the Hermit, who talks as if he had been fasting all his life, comes and expressing himself vastly satisfied with Gila's cuisine, permanently joins the shepherd company in its pilgrimage!

IN COMMON with the *Canterbury Tales* and nearly all medieval literature, there is in this Southwestern play a recurrent emphasis upon eating and food. This gives it a distinct medieval flavor, for, just as in our age an important business of life seems to be crossing streets without getting run over, so in those good old centuries, at least according to the literature, the chief business of life was the matter of getting the next meal.

Their hunger satisfied, the shepherds sing the beautiful *Esta si que es noche buena*—"This is the holy, holiest eve"—and then moving back

somewhat lie down to sleep on the hay-covered ground. Parrado, the eldest, however, taking a last look at the flock, meets the Angel singing the *Gloria*. After he has told the others, the Angel appears again to them all and warns them of the danger from Lucifer. The dramatic conflict of the play is really provided by Satan. He is ever the villain, threatening indirectly the Child and Mary and directly the shepherds, whose journey to Bethlehem he is determined to prevent. Again and again the Angel warns the shepherds and so awakens suspense in the audience. Several times in minor skirmishes the Devil is foiled, till at last in a mighty battle Michael hurls him back to hell-mouth.

So now, soon after the Angel's warning, Lucifer rumbles in and guilefully asks for shelter and food. He nearly deceives the shepherds, but a dark hint that he is the one who would not bow to "A Babe in Virgin Mother's arms" shocks the Hermit into recognition and causes all the shepherds to recoil in fear. But the Angel comes and in a minor skirmish drives Satan back to hell-mouth. The shepherds are greatly relieved and, having again become

hungry, call for supper. Very incongruously, the lines would indicate that a whole night and day have passed. This time the boy Cucharon is sent to watch the flock. He promptly encounters the Devil for one of the most enjoyed scenes in the play. The Devil asks him slyly whether the Messiah has been born. Cucharon mistakes that name for that of his scapegrace cousin Matias and answers accordingly. Throughout the scene he thus answers the Devil to cross-purposes—to the latter's mighty wrath and the audience's huge delight.

Again the Angel appears and when Lucifer recognizes him for his ancient antagonist, the great Michael, the audience breathlessly prepares to witness the decisive battle of the play. After much sparring, the Devil precipitates the clash when he boldly declares that he will capture Mary, the Virgin Mother. Michael then grapples with him and after a great tussle throws him down and puts him in chains. Now Lucifer sings the beautiful song, taken from the Spanish poet Gongora,

Aprended, flores, de mi . . .

"Learn, flowers, of me,
How unlike hour is to hour:
Once an angel I of power,
Now a captive shade of sorrow."

At last the victory is won over Satan, and the shepherds proclaim it in a ringing song. With new zest they enter upon their pilgrimage and directly come upon the manger at the right. They burst out in expressions of wonder at the beauty of the Child and of the mother. When they decide that each in turn should adore the child, pray and bring a gift, the last and rather monotonous third of the play begins. Parado, the eldest, is first. The chorus introduces him. He sings a song, speaks some verses to the Child, presents his gift of a "poor basket, heaped with flowers," and after introducing the next, retires to the side.

IN THIS manner each reverently adores and humbly offers a gift. Gila, the shepherdess, presents

"This poor linen, Virgin Mother,
Praying Thou wilt shape Him
garments."

The Hermit offers a reliquary richly wrought by a silversmith of Mexico and some rosemary; Nabal gives an ox to warm Him every morn, Melisio brings the rustic offering of a cheese, Torringo offers a cock, Geraldo

lengths of linen, and Mengo "loving brings these rustic spoons." Poor Tulio laments

"I did not think to bring a gift,
Not even a tamal for Thee;

Nothing have I to offer Thee,
Unless it be this lute of mine.
Take it, my fair Aurora, since
'Tis all I have." (M. R. Cole,
Los Pastores, p. 129)

THE boy Lisardo brings two ribbons and some "Holland strips." Bato brings a toy which introduces a "London-Bridge-is-falling-down" game, with a song of many refrains. It is a "little perinola," a square gambling dice, with letters on it and a pole through it for spinning like a top. While the chorus sings he spins the top and dances in accompaniment. Whenever the top comes to rest the letter uppermost provides the text of a little speech. The letter S, for example, produces the appeal "Save, Lord, our souls from error's bond." Since it really is a game of chance, presumably played between the Child and Bato, the audience is in suspense until of course the Child wins and so receives the top.

After this game the boy Cucharon joyfully presents some tamales and introduces the lazy Bartolo for the most enjoyed scene in the play. Bartolo has lain down and is dozing drowsily. One by one the shepherds in vain beg him to get up and adore and bring a gift. He retorts: "Why bring a gift? Rather would I ask one." During a scene of sixty lines he will not be cajoled or bribed into getting up and adoring. At last, their patience exhausted, his fellows make ready to drag him up. Thus spurred, he arises and goes towards the manger, singing:

"I offer to the Infant God
This Lambkin white as snow."

When the Devil, unperceived by the shepherds, sees that even the lazy Bartolo, upon whom he has worked so hard, has at last been converted to reverent prayer, he cries in despair:

"I take my way to darkest hell,
In cursed gloom to burn for
aye!"

The shepherds, finished with their offerings, address prayers for pardons, sing several ballads of farewell, and then go on to conclude the piece with a sort of prayerful epilogue by Bato:

"It only needs to bless,
Great Lord, our priest, the
country
Where dwells our King, and our
dear church
Where he doth glorify Thy Son.
Long may he live secure from
sin
To praise Thy name unceasingly!"

It has been a long performance. It may now be three or four in the morning. Tired but edified, with a renewed sense of the great mysteries of the Nativity, these humble actors and spectators depart to their poor huts.

Artistically the play is little more than a diamond in the rough: the ideas are fine but the polish is crude. It is mostly in verse—couplets, *redondillas* (abba), and ballad quadrains. But except when they echo some great poet of Spain, they are little better than doggerel. Their swing, however, is pleasant to the child-like hearts of the humble shepherds and their hearers. The singing of the ballads is in a "strongly marked and monotonous rhythm . . . more suggestive of Indian chant than sacred chorals." (See Sister Joan of Arc's *Catholic Music and Musicians in Texas*, p. 29.)

VIEWING the performance as a miracle play, intended to inspire the mysteries of the Faith, it may be considered commendably successful. In it are a surprisingly large number of the dogmas of the Church. They comprise the fall of the angels, the creation of man, several of the Old Testament events and prophecies, the Annunciation, Immaculate Conception (clearly implied), the Incarnation, the Redemption, the doctrines of prayer, grace, sin, and eternal punishment. A play which for several centuries has successfully poured these truths into the untutored hearts and minds of thousands of Mexicans and Indians, which has awakened them to a deeper reverence of Mary, the Mother of God, than most of the English-speaking world can boast, is worth a kindly thought from all Catholics. It is also a witness to the tremendous beauty of the great Catholic truths, which even in a crude and unpolished dramatic garb can thrill and enthrall the humblest peasants from year to year and from generation to generation.

One wonders what a modern Calderon, having at his disposal all the art of Shakespeare and all the technique of Shaw, could do with them. Perhaps a genius will some day make of this play an artistic masterpiece.



Woman to Woman



By KATHERINE BURTON

CHRISTMAS AND PEACE

• **THE** special faculty which one must learn to cultivate these days is that of long vision. Many people this Christmas season will want to sigh instead of smile when they hear the words "Peace on earth to men of good will." Of course no matter how many wars or rumors of wars there are it is true that there is always place for the man of good will. In the midst of battles and calamities he is at peace, for he has inner peace. One thing that many of our economists and our philosophers who consider themselves economists have not as yet grasped is the fact that outer peace can be attained only through inner peace.

Peace, like religion, is a heavy burden to carry, not a cart that will carry you. Peace is not dependent on anything less than justice and love, and these are not things you can clamp on life like a law. They have to creep into the heart in a sort of spiritual osmosis.

There is nothing that can bring about peace as quickly as prayer, for prayer changes the heart and makes the mind aware of great realities. So all you who glance at this page, pray this Christmastide for peace—and pray for it in our own time while you are about it.

ASSIGNMENT IN UTOPIA

• **SPEAKING** of Communism, read by all means the new book by Eugene Lyons, *Assignment in Utopia*. It is by a man who was a Communist and who went to Russia full of enthusiasm for this cause that was making over the world. He tried to do what they told him to—to swallow the present for the sake of the future, to endure social injustice for the justice that would come out of it. He is at home now, cured. Read his book.

DOROTHY DAY

• **WITHIN** the past few months I have received three letters from my readers on Dorothy Day, and with this third one I feel I should like to answer them in print. They have not been kind letters; they have not been Christian letters, and they are far, far from Catholic, though those who send them are obviously Catholics. The latest and most unkind says the writer was lured into taking a year's subscription to the *Catholic Worker* by hearing it lauded in the Notre Dame Bulletin, so I don't quite know why I should get a letter but I did. The phrases in which she speaks of Miss Day I should not wish to put down here, especially not during the Christmas season. One thing which enrages her is that Miss Day refers to Alfred Smith as Al. But why not? What else has he been called for years? Because he now prefers to stay with the silk hat group rather than with the rest of us, why can't he still be Al? On what meat has this our Caesar fed that we can't call him Al any more?

I am not bursting into a defense of Miss Day. That would be superfluous, for the people who understand what she is trying to do are doing that in groups and

individually. I shall instead point to her column for this month in her *Catholic Worker*. She is on a trip through the country (I can see her finding out which bus is cheapest and where the coffee is only a nickel, so that there may be more for the bread line which, though she hates to see it, will no doubt soon begin to form again in Mott street). She stopped in Detroit for an interview with Governor Murphy, who is a friend of the *Catholic Worker* and had asked her to come to see him. In Cleveland, a Benedictine priest went with her when she went to see some of the steel strikers. In Detroit she was granted a talk with Archbishop Mooney and they had an hour's conference. In that city she also spoke on the Daughters of Isabella Catholic Radio Hour. In Cleveland she visited Bishop Schrembs, who gave her his blessing when she left him. In Los Angeles she saw Archbishop Cantwell, who expressed himself in favor of her work—especially the Houses of Hospitality, to which he has given his blessing.

I quote this little itinerary to show the anxious ones that they need not be so worried. The Bishops, as they know, are the shepherds of the flock, and it is quite certain that they recognize a wolf when they see one, and, even if they may be misled for a moment, since the wolf might have on Gramma Communism's little red hood, surely our distracted readers will admit that a shepherd can tell even a disguised wolf after talking with one for an hour.

No, Troubled Reader, and Irate Reader too, if Communism comes, it won't have any thanks to offer Miss Day for her help. But if Communism does not come, perhaps all of us may have something to thank her for.

ENDING WARS BY CHEMICALS

• **ONE** reads so many terrifying articles about gases for future wars that it is a pleasure to come across acetyl choline. It is a gas, too, and can be used for war, but it is a slightly different kind from the sort one usually reads about. It will lower the blood pressure when it is injected in tiny amounts into the veins. It makes a person faint instantly and there are no ill effects afterwards. The American Chemical Society suggests it is a fine way to end wars: it might be put into shells which would explode in small sharp fragments. These would strike the army, or at least a great many of the soldiers and they would faint away by hundreds. A single grain, says the Society, is enough to make a million men faint in the trenches. By the time they come to they are prisoners and the war is over.

It is truly a lovely solution for a complicated problem. And after one of these temporary-oblivion bombs hits the opposition, life will be pleasant for the rest of the people. Of course the trouble is that one country will no doubt corner the supply and put everyone else to sleep long enough to walk off with all the empire-building stuff it needs in the way of islands and waterways. Maybe even acetyl choline can't put the dictator type of individual or nation to sleep long enough for the rest of us to straighten things out.

Blood Will Tell

For Mankind, Suffering From Spiritual Anemia, the Divine Physician Prescribes a Unique Blood Transfusion, Which He Himself Provides

By ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

DO YOU recall *Hell's Angels*—the United Artists' film that was released in the Fall of 1930? It was an interesting picture, even educational in its way, and certainly a thriller. Of the many war scenes depicted, none was so impressive as the midnight air raid on London.

Night life in the capital was subdued. The dim lights permitted were few. Overhead, sullen clouds brought the ceiling so low it seemed to blend with the fog that enveloped the city. With engines muted, a Zeppelin nosed its leisurely way across the Thames—a war god indifferent to the wraith-like clouds that betokened death and disembodied spirits. To insure unfailing marksmanship, an observer was lowered through the clouds by cable and basket. Between studies of the terrain below, the observer telephoned bearings to his pilot, until at length they were poised to strike.

* * *

Among the scientists who grace this earth of ours, there are some who speculate concerning other planets in the universe. For example—are any other planets habitable? And if inhabited, by what sort of creatures? If intelligent creatures, do they speculate about earth and about us? Indeed, the day may come when our stratosphere gondolas will succeed in a round-trip of exploration, between planets. For that matter, foreign planetarians may first discover us! At this very moment we may be under scrutiny by an observer from "out beyond."

What phantasy! Perhaps yes, perhaps no. To say the least, H. G. Wells would endorse the hypothesis, judging by some of his books and photoplays. But—whether verifiable fact or sheer fiction or mere phantasy—let us suppose, for the moment that we are under observation by denizens of another planet. Our scrutineers would be hard put to it, in any attempt to discern man's purpose in life, to learn man's evaluation of himself, to reconcile the variant philosophies of life that propel men here and there, to agree with popular notions of big business, success, and happiness.

The report on the human family in such a case might be couched along these lines: "The earth is a vast hospital, supposedly for the physical and moral recovery of human patients. Many so fail to cooperate with their Divine Physician as to be morally psychopathic. Some are really suicidal in tendency—owing either to infidelity to correct premises for successful living, or to fatal adherence to wrong premises."

Call it a diagnosis or an indictment, as you prefer—the statement just now formulated, although fictitious as a "report," does express a fact that is only too true. "God saw all the things that He had made, and they were very good." In particular, "God made man right." Despite all this, the world as we find it, is dangerous. And whether he admit it or not, man is a weakling—physically, mentally, morally.

Who is to blame? First of all, the devil. Satan is no mere kindergarten bogey, but real, hostile, and seductive. He duped the first man and woman. They too are blameworthy. We depended upon them for the bequest of normality, and they failed us. Adam and Eve were foolish, but we their offspring are still more so when we fail to learn from their folly, and suicidally trifle with life eternal. Even the Divine Physician cannot cure an unwilling patient.

BY way of revelation, He has written the prescription humanity needs. The medication is specifically adapted to the underlying cause of our manifold ailment. We are sick physically, mentally and socially because we are below par morally. *We need a unique blood transfusion.* Perfect Physician that He is, our Maker has become our Saviour as well. God has become Man also. His human Blood has a divine efficacy. "According to the riches of His grace, we have redemption through His Blood." By a divine, psychological process known as the functioning of grace, the God-Man corrects the disorders of the human mind and heart, enabling us once again and forever to be the "super-

men" we would like to be and should be, enabling us to enjoy the health and happiness normal to "sons of God."

The cross-purposes that so upset our lives, both now and for the eternal future, institute an absurd tug of war between men and God. That man should ape the devil and pit himself against God, is not only wrong and hopeless, but irrational and unnecessary. Since God produced us from the dust of nothingness, His rights over us are unlimited. But just because He is God, He cannot exact of us anything unreasonable. Furthermore, He is Goodness in Person. So, He has *obliged* us to be successful, becomingly and lastingly, and to be happy—not as mere animals but as men, and as His adopted children.

DIRECTING us to be satisfied with what is truly good and enjoyable, God invites man to run this world together with Himself, to enjoy it with due moderation, and thus to prepare for a world still more enjoyable, called Heaven. For example, God shares His creative power with parents; He permits educators to echo His wisdom in the nourishment of hungry minds; He delegates rulers to represent Him in guiding sojourners on earth; He inspires inventors to reveal the potentialities of Nature; He provides physicians to extend the mercies of medicine, psychiatry, and surgery. And so on, as only God can provide.

But what a travesty man has made of the divine plan! "Career" parents shirk their parenthood; educators teach folly—heresies economic, industrial, social as well as religious; governing like demigods, statesmen are unmerciful and not even just; inventors prostitute their genius for the destruction of fellowmen; physicians resent a miraculous cure, and even thwart the peopling of earth and heaven.

Humanly speaking, the situation is so unbalanced, so insane, as to be hopeless—so godless that God became Man to save us from ourselves, from self-ruination. Only a lover would do any such thing, and only

God could do this very thing. That He did so, Revelation attests: "And the angel said: this day is born to you a Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth *peace to men of good will.*" With the Virgin Mother of this miraculous Child, we too can exult: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. His mercy is from generation unto generations. He hath filled the hungry with good things. He that is mighty hath done great things to me!"

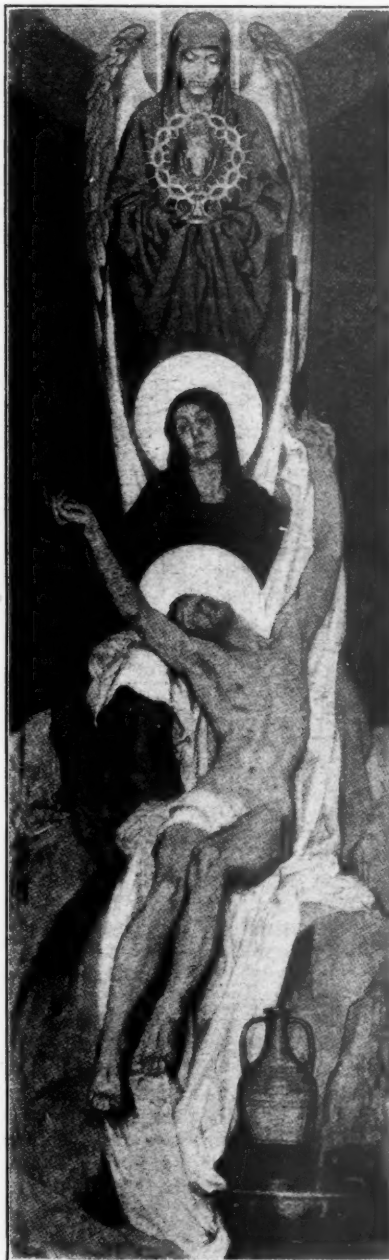
THE God-Man, Jesus Christ, dwelt among us in order to function as a Second Adam—as a successful Head of the human family to rescue us from our plight and to salvage a world left derelict by the First Adam. For human souls He must establish a parenthood whose fecundity would be unailing: He instituted Baptism as a sacrament of regeneration. We must be taught by one who cannot err: upon the rock of infallibility, Christ built a Church wherein men can learn the truth. As citizens-elect of heaven, we need rulers: He appointed and empowered them. With divine ingenuity, the Second Adam invented a system of helps called sacraments—seven arteries for the timely transfusion of the precious Blood that He was about to donate. Is it any wonder that men exclaimed in admiration: "He hath done all things well!"—that the Eternal Father declared from heaven: "This is my beloved Son in Whom I am well pleased: hear ye Him!"

Had man not attempted to sin successfully against God, man would not have been a failure. If man were ever again to enjoy peace, the powers of Heaven must wage war with the powers of Hell, upon the battleground of this earth. Christ was the champion of our cause. In the combat that ensued, "He was wounded for our iniquities, bruised for our sins. The chastisement of our peace was upon Him."

But He had foreseen that: He not only permitted but planned it. Had He not provided arteries that man might be revitalized, re-energized? Arteries bespeak blood. His Blood was truly human, yet in this unique instance, *His* designates a divine Person. And the Blood of a divine Person is unspeakably precious. The sacrifice of one drop would more than suffice, in behalf of any cause. But just because God is in love with man, Christ gave His Blood to the last drop. He permitted His life-stream to ebb until He was bloodless and lifeless—yet only to renew life

at will, as He said. The battle was decisive, for death was "swallowed up in victory,"—His victory and ours.

The mission of Christ among men involved many duties, for there are many ways of winning entry to the human heart. As a Model of virtue, He sought and gained admiration.



As a Wonderworker, He went about "doing good to all," and at the same time proving His claim to divinity. Thus He disposed men to co-operate with Him, thus He strengthened them for fidelity in the hour of His apparent failure.

That darkest hour before the

dawn of triumph had yet to come. When that time did come, many erstwhile followers so missed His point as to desert. For then Christ gave the most telling example of His career, when He suffered and died for us—both in our behalf and in our stead. Thus He Who was bought and sold for thirty pieces of silver exemplified the tragic price of sinfulness, and the worth of the human soul. "For you are bought with a great price." His Blood is "upon us and upon our children," either for a blessing or for a curse. That stupendous fact cannot be undone—not even by a modern sinner quoting an ancient deicide: "I am innocent of the blood of this just man!"

Day after day, in the stock exchange of this world, as we can see and hear for ourselves, man's evaluation of God fluctuates. Men allow the interests of God to slump below par. Even Christians, who know better, are at times tempted to sell. Within the limits of our own English-speaking world, there are thoroughfares symbolic of the Jew and Gentile to whom Christ—even the risen Christ—is a "stumbling-block" and "foolishness." Downing Street, Wall Street, Broadway—any route through life, save the *Via Crucis!*

Followers of Christ realize that without the ministrations of a Divine Physician, man is bound to deteriorate into a state of moral anemia. Christians realize too, that "without the shedding of blood there is no remission," no moral stamina. They need not grope their way desperately to such sources of help as the so-called "soul clinics" of New York. With the Prince of the Apostles they salute Christ as the Saviour of the human family: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life!"

FROM the agony in the Garden till the lance-thrust on the cross, the God-Man shed His precious Blood, that the supernatural vitamin of grace might be transfused to us, that the worth of our good works might be transmuted, that we might be transformed and made kindred to Him. "He that drinketh My Blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up in the last day."

In the eyes of God Who planned us, Everyman is a career man. Everyman has reason to be sanguine, for there is no one who may not engage successfully in "big business," and attain happiness throughout an eternity as long as God's own. But as surely as Christ suffered and died for us, Blood will tell!

BOOKS

The Diary of a Country Priest

by GEORGE BERNANOS

There are no words to describe the gripping quality and breath-taking authenticity of *The Diary of a Country Priest*. George Bernanos has captured the mind and the spirit of a priest with an adequacy that startles. He unveils the great and yearning spirit of a young Curé, his disillusion, the secret operations of his sharpened mind and his persevering courage in details which appeared ordinary and small. "The little things—they didn't look much. But the little things did bring a peace. They were as wild flowers which seemed to have no scent till you got a field full of them. He who prayed for little things was innocent. There was an angel in every little thing." The young Curé sought out and discovered the angel that is in everything.

The Diary of a Country Priest is in reality a novel which treats the history of a frail body and a valiant, gritty, stalwart spirit playing out its divine comedy of triumph over the meannesses, the petty perversities and the misty minds of a misunderstanding flock. It treats the history of a consecrated life which knew how to conquer physical and spiritual pain by endurance, asking the stimulant of sympathy only from God and yet coming itself to know and understand deeply the elusive details of others' pain.

This volume glimpses the mind and the pertinacious courage of a priest. It sees a priestly mind speculating on the lust which spreads a film over minds lest they see God. And what speculations! "The world helped by all the glamour of art takes immense pains to hide this mysterious wound in the side of humanity. With what strange solicitude humanity keeps watch over her children, to soften in advance with enchanting images this degradation of first experience, an almost unavoidable mockery. And when, despite all this, the half-conscious plaint of flouted young human dignity is heard again, how quickly it can be smothered up in laughter. And if the revulsion is too intense, if the precious child over whom the angels still stand guard shudders with invincible disgust,

Any book noticed here or any book you wish can be bought from The Sign. Add ten per cent of price for postage

what cajoling hands will offer the basin of gold, chiseled by artists, jewelled by poets, while soft as the vast murmur of leaves and the splash of streams the low-pitched orchestra drowns the sound of his vomiting. How is it we fail to realize that the mask of pleasure stripped of all hypocrisy is that of anguish?"

A review of this masterpiece must not ignore the Curé of Torcey—that rich, authentic character who bestowed the warmth of his rare human fellowship and who shared the distilled wisdoms of his years with the intriguing little Curé. To the Curé of Torcey the "word of God was like a hot iron. He picked it up with both hands. When the Lord had drawn from him some word for the good of souls, he knew because of the pain of it."

The Diary of a Country Priest, which has been honored by the French Academy, persists as a revelation from its first to its last word. No priest should fail to read it. Intense pleasure is insured in a way that approaches infallibility. But its appeal extends far beyond the limited ranks of the clergy. It will startle any mature mind. And so the reviewer lays down this volume, knowing that its cause is pleaded with superlative mildness when it is called simply "a great book."

The Macmillan Company, N. Y. \$2.50.

And Then the Storm

by SISTER M. MONICA

The narrative written by Sister Monica is one of the most interesting and enlightening accounts of contemporary Spain that this reviewer has read up to date. The reader feels that he knows a little bit about the tangled situation in that unhappy and war-torn country.

The author, an Ursuline nun, after a term at the Catholic University in Washington, was sent to Spain in 1932 in order to collect source material for a study of Francisco de

Toledo, fifth Spanish Viceroy of Peru. She left Spain shortly before the outbreak of the Civil War; hence the somewhat cinematic title of the book. While pursuing her researches in the libraries of Spain, she was thrown in with various classes of people. She learned to know them and was able to enter into their attitudes towards the Church and the nation. The social conditions she found truly grave and depressing: "The situation that broke upon me was a pitiful crisscross. My sympathies were torn, and embraced both sides. I could say little. I saw only too much. My heart ached for this noble Spanish race, so full of good dispositions, so hopelessly entangled in inefficiency." How appropriate a diagnosis of the sociological condition of Spain!

The differences between rich and poor were alarming. Yet the rich felt that they were doing their duty by making private donations to charity. Their benefactions were many and generous, but this method of dealing with the problem of poverty and misery did not lift the poor and unfortunate out of their miserable condition. The charity extended to them not only relieved them in part, but also seemed to perpetuate their state of dependence on the rich.

There was imperative need, not only of charity, but above all of justice—social justice. The barriers which separated class from class had grown higher and stronger with the passing of the years; hence, the growing number of societies of all kinds, many of which were frankly revolutionary and anarchistic. Catholics outside Spain say that they find it hard to understand how Spaniards who profess to be Catholics could join in societies whose principles were in contradiction to their Faith and whose aims were destructive of the Church and Christian civilization.

This book will help them to approach an understanding of this question. The attitude of the rich towards the poor, however, will not explain all. There are many other factors which enter into the matter. The secret societies, especially the Grand Orient of Freemasons, had for centuries been working for the overthrow of the Catholic concept of

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life and their work bore abundant fruit in organizations and movements which attacked the Church.

There is more than a sociological analysis in her account. There are interesting and vivid descriptions of some of the physical beauties and religious ceremonies of Spain, knowing commentary on political events, and a penetrating diagnosis of the spirit of the people. There is in store for the readers of this book not only the pleasure afforded by interesting narrative, but also much-needed information about a noble but misunderstood people, in whose future Europe and all the world, perhaps, will be affected for better or worse.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$2.50

A Reporter at The Papal Court

by **THOMAS B. MORGAN**

Since 1921, Thomas B. Morgan has been a representative of American news agencies in covering the Vatican. During these years he has been on intimate terms with both high and minor officials of the Vatican, and he holds the distinction of being granted the first and only exclusive interview ever given by Pope Pius XI. His association with the Holy See has led Mr. Morgan to devote considerable study to the history, traditions and activities of the Papal Court.

The book opens with an account of the death of Benedict XV. During the last illness of the Pope, Mr. Morgan was in constant contact with the Vatican and as a result of his personal experiences he is able to give a detailed and interesting account of the death and funeral of Benedict XV. This is followed by an explanation of Church government during the interregnum and of the preparations which were made for the Conclave which was to elect the new Pope. The particular Conclave which assembled after the death of Benedict XV was "locked in" on February 2, 1922 and on February 6th the election of Cardinal Ratti as Pius XI was announced. Several interesting features of the Conclave are recorded, such as the fact that Cardinal Laurenti was actually elected Pope but refused the office on the plea that it should "pass into the hands of another, who is stronger and abler to carry the great burden."

The rest of the book is devoted to the reign of Pius XI. Several chapters are devoted to a biographical sketch of the present Holy Father. To get a better insight into the early life and training of Pius XI, the author twice visited Desio where the Pope was born and also visited other

scenes of his activities in the archdiocese of Milan. This investigation revealed the youthful Achille Ratti as a boy among boys but at the same time such an earnest student that he always obtained perfect grades in his work. This scholarly excellence marked his entire course of study in preparation for the priesthood and later characterized his work as professor and librarian.

Up to the present, the greatest news event of the reign of Pius XI was the signing of the Lateran Treaty with the Italian Government and the consequent settlement of the Roman Question. Many interesting sidelights on the negotiations between the Vatican and the Quirinal are given in the pages of Mr. Morgan. He also witnessed the visit of Mussolini to the Pope and describes the later conflict with the Fascist State over Catholic associations.

The final part of the book tells of the modernization program introduced by Pius XI and pictures the life and activities of citizens of the small State. The concluding chapter deals with the recent illness of the Holy Father and of his indomitable determination to work on in spite of age and physical handicaps.

Throughout Mr. Morgan reveals himself as a keen and sympathetic observer as well as a reporter alive to the importance of the Vatican in news of the world. Catholics and non-Catholics will enjoy the book.

Longmans, Green and Co., N. Y. \$3.00.

Pope Pius XI and World Affairs

by **WILLIAM TEELING**

Who William Teeling is and what are his qualifications for writing an account of Pope Pius XI and his relation to world affairs, the publishers do not tell us. But from the fact that the author uses material which previously appeared in *The Tablet* of London, and that the book was first published in England under the title, *The Pope in Politics*, one gathers that he is an English lay Catholic. His viewpoint of nearly everything connected with the Pope and his policy in world affairs is that of Democracy, especially that Democracy which is espoused by youth. In fact, he dedicates his work "to those who have faith in Democracy."

He is disturbed over what he considers the favor of the present Pope for Fascism. Because the Pope did not explicitly and in measured terms condemn the Italian campaign in Ethiopia, Mr. Teeling feels that the Pope was lacking in principle and

aiding the fortunes of Fascism. It is perhaps fortunate that former Popes did not do what Mr. Teeling wanted, when other nations, including his beloved England, were engaged in the same sort of tactics as Italy. The author writes frequently like a devout English non-Catholic, instead of a Catholic. He seems to forget that the Pope is head of a catholic or universal Church, not the head of a national one, like the Archbishop of Canterbury.

There is quite a lot of biographical material on the present Holy Father, some of it in bad taste. Mr. Teeling appears to have traveled widely and to know quite a number of important personages, some of them "personages connected with Pope Pius XI, or who are officially in touch with the Vatican." These "personages" might be intimates of the Pope, or merely attachés of foreign embassies or only newspaper men. But the impression is created of "being in the know."

Mr. Teeling is one of those persons who knows a little about everything and not much about anything—and ever ready to talk or write, as the case may be. The Chapter on "The Rota and Divorce" is mediocre. He writes familiarly of ecclesiastical persons and conditions in this country and that, but everything is so sprawling and inconsequential that his observations are not worth much notice.

It was given out that this book was approved by the Cardinal's Literature Committee of New York, but this was due to an oversight. It is *not* on the approved list, a judgment with which this reviewer heartily agrees.

Frederick A. Stokes, New York. \$2.50.

Libraries and Literature From a Catholic Standpoint

by STEPHEN J. BROWN, S.J.

Father Brown has had extensive and varied experience in library and literary activities and he has written several valuable works based on this experience. His latest contribution deals specifically with both library and literary work from a Catholic point of view. There is a practical and impelling need for such books at present, when there is so much being written that is anti-Catholic and anti-Christian. The chapters of this very informative book are reprinted, for the most part, from various periodicals.

The first part of the book deals with Catholic libraries. The purpose and general plan of such libraries is explained and the more important

Catholic libraries already in existence are described. One library, with which the author was associated for many years in Dublin, is described in detail. In connection with this phase of the subject there is a very good chapter on librarianship as a vocation.

The second part of the book is concerned with Catholic literature, or, more precisely, with literature from a Catholic point of view. He discusses at length the meaning and purpose of Catholic literature, gives some very valuable suggestions concerning Catholic novels and children's literature. Corresponding to the chapter on librarianship as a vocation is one on the vocation of an author, and in it the author gives some helpful criticisms and suggestions. There are several appendices on Catholic bibliographical matter, etc.

The book should prove valuable to anyone who is interested in or concerned with either libraries or literature. There is an amazing amount of information contained in it, and as a source book it should be on every librarian's desk.

Browne & Nolan, Ltd., Dublin. \$2.75.

The Life of Blessed Martin de Porres

by J. C. KEARNS, O.P.

We have here, in some two hundred pages, a chronicle of the life of the Negro lay Brother who, in all probability, will be the sixteenth canonized saint of the Dominican Order. Father Kearns has attempted to unify the loose and rather scattered material available on the life of Blessed Martin and has succeeded in presenting a passable narrative that will probably stand as an authoritative text for some time to come. Beginning with a brief view of the land of the Incas at the time of Pizarro's invasion in 1531, he sets the stage for the entrance of the subject of his biography—the mulatto son of a Spanish *conquistador*—Martin de Porres. The unhappy childhood, the acceptance of the fifteen year old boy into the Dominican Order as a Tertiary helper, the charity that left no room for selfishness of any kind, the prayers, penances and heroic virtues of the subsequent lay Brother, are told in orderly and methodical fashion.

If one misses an artistic quality, a skill at presenting Brother Martin as the vital man that he was, let it be remembered that the present book has as its primary object the presentation of its subject to Catholic audiences already familiar with

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The Journey of the Three Kings by Henri Ghéon

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the Wonder Worker of Peru, and that as a biography it is presumably only the forerunner of many other works to come. Certainly there is no attempt made to do much more than set down in monochromatic fashion the very dramatic story of a saint. Nevertheless, the book will be welcomed by all those interested in the furtherance of the Church among the Negro race and for that reason deserves a hearty support. It is an official publication of the Blessed Martin Guild of New York, an organization founded by the Reverend Edward L. Hughes, O.P., in 1935 to promote the canonization cause of the humble lay Brother from South America. As a spiritual biography this *Life of Blessed Martin* will be of interest to the Catholic public.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, N. Y. 1937. \$1.50.

The Faithful Wife

by SIGRID UNDET

Out of the fabric of modern life Mrs. Undset fashions the story of the fusing of two lives. It is a record of the love, the separation and the remarriage of Nathalie and Sigurd Nordgaard.

Sigrid Undset always writes well. Sometimes she writes superlatively well. In the matter of reconstructing emotional states and subtle tones of feeling she is equalled by few living writers. She can throw upon the screen of consciousness of her characters a complete drama of life with an accuracy of psychological detail that is extraordinary. Even the slight flicker of tension that the clicking of an electric-light switch might produce in a distraught mind is noted.

All these marks of her craftsmanship are in evidence in the present work. She has probed deeply into two human souls and has set them before us with their loves, their sorrows and their achievements.

Yet the book is in a sense disappointing for those who thrilled to the masterpiece that is *Kristin Lavransdatter*. Of course it is unfair to expect a Nobel prize winner in every book an author turns out, but in this book Mrs. Undset falls short of her metier. She probes life deeply it is true, but she does not view it in its ultimate significance as she did in *Kristin Lavransdatter*. She does not take life apart and put it together again in the light of the ultimate metaphysic of human destiny—the Cross.

Then too, the milieu in which the life of Kristin was cast invested the story with a naïve charm that the

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present work lacks. Modern life seems not to possess the richness that medieval life portrayed. Perhaps because it is spent more entirely on the surface or fringe of existence.

The Faithful Wife is an interesting book and a good novel, but it is not great.

Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

The Song at the Scaffold

by GERTRUDE VON LE FORT

The Song at the Scaffold is the title of a slight volume of unique, mystic beauty. It treats the history of 16 Carmelites of the Convent of Compiègne who were executed on the Guillotine during the early months of the French Revolution. It is at once history, legend and a splendid revelation of mystic psychology "written in the form of a letter purporting to come from an observer of events in Paris to a noblewoman living in exile."

The two characters featured in *The Song at the Scaffold* are Mother Marie of the Incarnation, who presents one of the "greatest pleasures art can afford—the contemplation of

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the human in genuinely heroic form" and Blanche de la Force, the timid child who sought refuge in flight but who redeemed her consecration with victory and unforgettable beauty.

Gertrude von le Fort has furnished us with some rare fragments of human wisdom. "Atheism is cruder stuff in the coarse hands of the mob than on the subtle lips of the aristocrat." "Christianity thrives upon persecution and that is why all brutality, crude or subtle, directed against it, becomes merely stupid." She has provided us likewise with many a fragment of mystic wisdom which should be populated with so much thought and living. Blanche de la Force was "elected not to demonstrate the nobility of mankind but to prove the infinite frailty of all our vaunted powers" for it is possible to the Lord not only to increase the virtues of man beyond the bounds of nature but also to glorify a failing of the human soul.

The death and martyrdom of these nuns was not a dumb, idle, unmeritorious gesture. "For what does the persecution of Christians mean if not this: that the sacrificial death of Christ which was a voluntary act

is repeated by the members of his mystical body. In this sense then no Christian martyr ever has death forced upon him from without." But the idea that permeates and pervades this precious volume and which should be preached from the house-tops, is this: Christ, if He be invited, will take over and bless and collaborate in every department of life. Then life will be really Christian. Then you will be able to expect anything of life except that it will be turned into a farce.

A Christian world that is full of tiny little flames, little pieties, will be stirred by the deep and the lofty beauty of the *Song at the Scaffold*. It is recommended without reservation. It will provide stimulus to Christian living and it will surely teach that consecrated souls shield the world from the indignation of God.

Sheed & Ward, N. Y. \$1.00.

The Citadel

by A. J. CRONIN

From the pen of A. J. Cronin has come *The Citadel* which has proven to be the cause of much discussion. It has been cited, of course, as a "great" novel about a doctor by a doctor who is a great novelist. There is no question about Doctor Cronin's standing as a novelist. His *Hatter's Castle*, in 1931 established that. *The Citadel* is being hailed as the finest novel he has yet written. Unfortunately, too much has been said about the book as a piece of inside information as to medical malpractices. People don't want their faith in doctors and doctoring destroyed—and those who were hailing *The Citadel* as a book which would be an exposé, were doing both the book and the author's own profession an injustice. Of course, one might say that Doctor Cronin himself is at fault if he tried to make capital by "revealing" things which most of us know already.

Despite the controversy, *The Citadel* is a good story. There is considerable charm and plenty of proof that Doctor Cronin can tell a story. He tells this one well—the story of a young doctor who finds his way out of small posts in mining towns of South Wales up to the wealth and success of Main Street and the Boulevard. Doctor Andrew Manson's love for a young schoolmistress whom he marries and loves while they are struggling—and for whom his love wanes in the day of success—but to which love adversity again returns him, furnishes the real charm and interest of *The Citadel*.

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Christ, Color and Communism

by GILLARD, S.S.J., Ph.D.

While this book, from its general tenor, was written for the instruction of the negro on a problem that is facing him as well as the rest of the world, it is of a character to be well worth reading by all. It is of practical importance to many more than those to whom it is addressed and can be made so simply by changing "negro" where it is found to "workingman." The special worth of the book is that it not only sets forth in detail and authoritatively the deceptions and false claims of Communism but also has a sound and socially just program for the real welfare of the underprivileged,

based on the encyclicals of the Popes.

It will be instructive to everyone to learn of the efforts that are being made to win the support of the negro for Communism and will awaken many to the sorry plight of the negro, which makes him a ready field for the sowing of such pernicious doctrines. If for no other motive than that of selfishness, which is of course not sufficient for the application of a durable readjustment of interracial relations, it will arouse in thinking men a determination to see that the colored citizens of our country share in its blessings and benefits.

Josephite Press, Baltimore, Md. \$75.

Child of Light

by MRS. J. L. GARVIN

Here is a rather loosely constructed novel from the author of *As You See It* and *Corn in Egypt*. It is a Catholic story and deals with the lives of two girls—Mariella Buckland and Pamela Cook. The former is a born member of the Church, the latter a convert. Mariella is the daughter of Elvira Buckland, an erratic concert pianist, and her childhood is spent amidst the Bohemian society of musicians and artists. Pamela, on the other hand, is a product of the English nobility, and only in school do the two children's paths meet. The first part of the book is given over to their childhood, and Pamela's attraction to the Church of Rome is evident. Then there is a lapse of ten years after which we find Mariella unhappily married to Jean-Louis, Vicomte de Vannes. She has lost faith in her religion and the world in general. Only in Pamela does she still find a friend, Pamela who has embraced the Catholic Faith, changed her name to Chantal, and also in the meantime become a member of the

secular Third Order of St. Francis.

Child of Light is an English story, but much of it transpires along the Riviera. The author gives a satisfactory description of life in Southern France, and the character of Monseigneur, the local priest, is particularly well done. But the fact that the book is divided into three portions, each representing the passage of ten years, is disconcerting and too much seems to be taken for granted in the development of the characters. *Child of Light*, an interesting, if rather involved, story of modern Catholics and modern times, is the third book from the pen of its English author.

Longmans, Green & Company, N. Y. \$2.00.

Brother Petroc's Return

by S. M. C.

It is refreshing in this materialistic world of ours to find someone who has the courage to write a novel, and a very convincing one, based on the fact that miracles can happen. S.M.C.'s new book, *Brother Petroc's Return*, is the story of a Benedictine brother who died in 1549 on the eve of his ordination. His body was hurriedly placed in a vault in the chapel and then the monastery was abandoned because of an attack. For almost two hundred years the monastery was in the hands of lay people, but in 1929 the Benedictines regained its possession. The new Abbot opened some of the ancient vaults in the chapel and removed them to another part of the monastery.

At the services held for this reburial, the monks were astounded when one vault revealed the well-preserved body of a young brother. A faint pulse indicated a spark of life which was made to grow stronger after much care. The story of the life of this Elizabethan brother in a modern world is a fascinating one.

The author gives an air of authenticity to the story by portraying vivid characters. Brother Petroc has all of our sympathy as he struggles to adjust his ideals and experiences to our modern life. S.M.C. has subtly but effectively shown up the superficiality of moderns through the character of Brother Petroc. Even the less important characters, the wise Abbot, the clever Subprior, and the meddling Dom Marus, gain our respect, admiration and sympathy. The very reality of these people makes the whole story quite plausible. There is a depth and a power to this book which will make it live for many years.

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SHORTER NOTES

P. G. WODEHOUSE is one English humorist who has gained and kept a wide following in America. He has a way all his own of telling a story and of tangling and untangling his plots. His latest book, *SUMMER MOONSHINE*, (Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc. Garden City, N. Y. \$2) is in the true Wodehousian tradition. For his background he takes the estate of an impoverished baronet who supplements his income by accommodating paying guests. New Wodehouse characters greet the reader, such as, Sir Buckstone Abbot, his wife and daughter, the Baroness von und zu Dwornitzchek, the Vanringham brothers, and especially Mr. Bulpitt, the greatest American process-server. The plot as usual is handled very lightly but very amusingly. It is Wodehouse at his best, and if you like Wodehouse you will like the book.

MOTHER MARY PHILIP of the Bar Convent, York, England has been an assiduous contributor to spiritual literature. She now gives us a book containing thoughts for the time of Holy Communion entitled *COME TO ME* (P. J. Kenedy and Sons, N. Y. \$2). Each of the forty chapters is devoted to some aspect of God's relation to the soul. The theme of each chapter is developed principally by a careful blending of scriptural quotations which explain and supplement the words of the author. It is a book which will supply ample matter for reflection and prayer not only at the time of communion but at all times. It is a selection of the Spiritual Book Associates.

MY CHILD LIVES, by REV. A. L. MEMMESHEIMER, (Benziger Bros., N. Y. \$1.25), has been written for bereaved parents. In his effort to bring consolation to such parents the author presents natural and supernatural considerations. There is no attempt to minimize the blow parents suffer at the loss of a child, but they are urged to consider other angles of their tragedy. By no means does the author claim to solve the mystery of evil and death but wisely directs the parents to God and His goodness and asks them to remember that time and earth do not limit man's destiny. If they will but associate their suffering and sorrow with that of Christ they will be sustained and peacefully await the day of God's consolation. The book accomplishes a difficult task well.

THE CURTAIN RISES, by ENID DINNIS (B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo., \$1.25) is a collection of short stories which appeared originally in *THE SIGN*. The popularity of Miss Dennis with our readers is sufficient guarantee that those who read the stories for the first time in book form will be equally enthusiastic. The author's story-telling ability is unique and it is to be hoped that the collecting of these stories in one volume will introduce Miss Dennis to many new friends and enable old friends to have some of her best work always near at hand.

THE ROAD OF PAIN by REV. HUGH F. BLUNT (Joseph F. Wagner, Inc., N. Y. \$1.50).

The devotion of the Way of the Cross is most productive of good when it is made a real meditation, and the more we know of the happenings of the closing days of Christ's life, which mean so much to every one of us, the better will we be able to meditate in going from station to station.

The Rev. Hugh F. Blunt, in his book *The Road of Pain*, describes in detail the scenes perpetuated in the different stations of the Way of the Cross. Those seeking authoritative, interesting and devotional information will be pleased with this remarkable volume.

It is also recommended to the members of the Archconfraternity of the Passion for meditative reading.

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY AND RELIGION, by A TEACHER (P. J. Kenedy & Sons, N. Y. \$60).

Directors of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine will be delighted with this manual. It is most serviceable in training catechism teachers. Modern applied psychology is utilized, but it is explained in the simplest of simple thought construction and terminology; it is adapted for the use of those who have a high school education or less, and will be helpful to the college graduate as well. The author manifests a fine command of the matter treated and reveals the results of long practice in her field. The work deserves superlative commendation.

THE HIDDEN LIFE OF CHRIST, by REV. THOMAS A. BECKER, S.J. (The Apostleship of Prayer, N. Y., \$1) is a reprint of papers which appeared originally in *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. As the title indicates the subject matter is devoted to the events which took place in the life of Christ before His public ministry and to an exposition of the virtues He prac-

tices during that time. There is a solid historical and dogmatic basis in all the chapters and they will supply matter for spiritual reading and meditation.

A classic among spiritual writings is St. Bonaventure's *Itinerarium Mentis In Deum* which can be translated "The Journey of the Soul to God." Up to the present there has been no satisfactory English version of this work. This defect has been supplied by Father James, O.M.Cap. in his translation entitled *The Franciscan Vision* (Burns, Oates and Washbourne, London. 2s 6d). The major part of the book is devoted to the work of St. Bonaventure but the preface and introduction treat briefly of the philosophical and theological aspects of the treatise. Father James has done a splendid work in opening to English readers the treasure contained in the *Itinerarium* of the Seraphic Doctor.

THE RITE OF ADULT BAPTISM (The Dolphin Press, Phila., Pa., 60 cents) has been translated and explained by the Benedictine Fathers of St. Martin's Abbey, Lacy, Washington. The complete text of the rite according to the latest edition of the Ritual is given and paralleling the Latin text there is an accurate English translation. The rubrics are in English. A significant feature is the splendid explanation of the whole ceremony together with an account of the historical development of the rite.

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Archconfraternity of the Passion of Jesus Christ

Personal Communication

TO THE MEMBERS.

My dear Friends:

This is a sort of personal communication. I would gladly write every one of you an individual letter, but time forbids and postage costs money. Will you please accept this as coming to you personally?

To begin with, I wish to extend, in the name of the local directors and my own, to you and all who are dear to you, best wishes for a Happy and Holy Christmas. These wishes are not to be taken as the trite words of a season's greetings. They come from the heart and are meant.

For whatever co-operation you have given, I most sincerely thank you. Especially do I thank our interested workers, better known as "promoters." To their kindness and efforts we are greatly indebted.

In carrying on the Archconfraternity of the Passion, we have encountered many difficulties, some of which are still with us—indifference of the age, so many popular devotions which have a greater appeal than the older and more essential ones. Devotion to the Passion, the Mass, the Sacraments, doesn't appeal to the soft, sickly, sentimental piety of the frivolous soul.

True, we have accomplished much. Here in the United States alone there are many thousand registered members who are earnestly striving to walk in the footprints of Christ by observing the few simple rules as set forth in the Manual of the Society. But we should not give up our efforts until we have placed a shrine for Jesus Crucified in every heart, in every home, in every city, town and village, in every country. Every grace we have here, and our every hope of salvation hereafter, are absolutely bound up with the Most Holy Cross and Passion of Christ.

I ask you, therefore, to continue to be worthy members and interested workers.

May the Infant Saviour bless you!

Sincerely and gratefully yours,

ST. MICHAEL'S MONASTERY,
UNION CITY, N. J.

(REV.) RAYMUND KOHL, C.P.,
GENERAL DIRECTOR

Gemma's League of Prayer

BLESSED Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of this League of Prayer.

Its purpose is to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

"The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page,

shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign.

All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER

Masses Said	321
Masses Heard	11,890
Holy Communions	9,236
Visits to B. Sacrament	20,820
Spiritual Communions	34,994
Benediction Services	6,051
Sacrifices, Sufferings	28,733
Stations of the Cross	5,911
Visits to the Crucifix	14,278
Beads of the Five Wounds	5,383
Offerings of PP. Blood	56,739
Visits to Our Lady	12,921
Rosaries	22,546
Beads of the Seven Dolors	11,347
Ejaculatory Prayers	1,021,752
Hours of Study, Reading	14,537
Hours of Labor	31,408
Acts of Kindness, Charity	29,807
Acts of Zeal	71,594
Prayers, Devotions	51,824
Hours of Silence	11,337
Various Works	50,288

Restrain Not Grace From the Dead

(Eccclus. 7:37)

Kindly remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

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May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.
—Amen.



BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE

HERE they are—a class of alert Chinese girls whose education is in the hands of the Sisters of Charity in Hunan. Last month's story, "Dreamers and Toilers," told of their urgent need for a new, larger and better-equipped school.

Refugees from the war-torn area on China's coastline have already made their way far into the interior where the Passionist Fathers, the Sisters of Charity and the Sisters of St. Joseph are laboring.

Whilst the missionaries will be called upon to do their share of charity and relief work, they are also concerned about the future of their program for the Church. It is of the utmost importance that provision be made to educate in a Catholic atmosphere the children in their charge.

Crowded beyond capacity by the number of girls who wish a Catholic education, the Sisters of Charity are determined not to let pass this opportunity to build for the future of the Church in Hunan.

Your prompt and generous assistance is asked by these zealous Sisters. May we brighten their Christmas by forwarding your donation to them? Please address it to:

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